



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



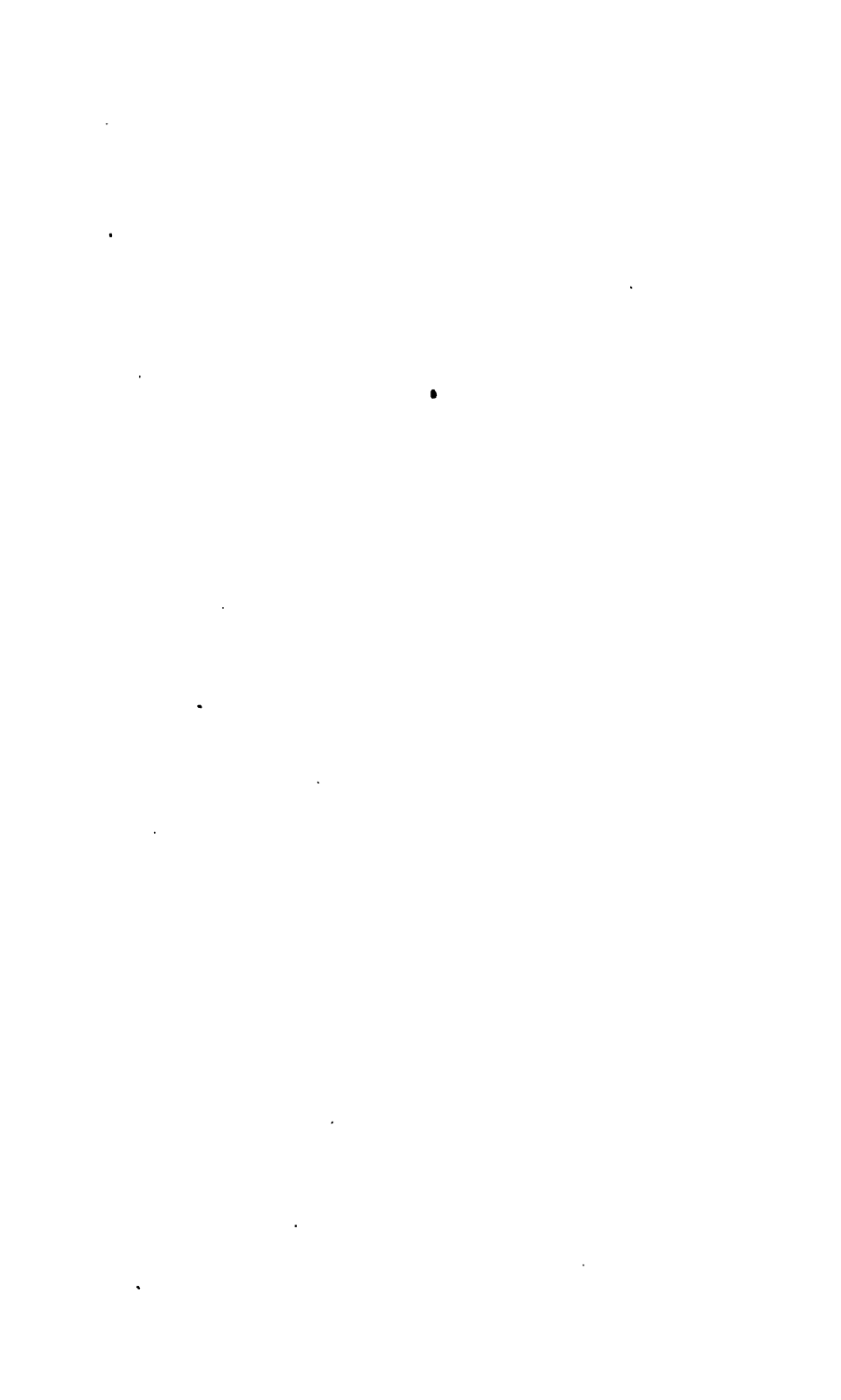
3 3433 07487246 0

1

—

NCH
K-000

1000







ANASTASIUS;
OR,
MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

WRITTEN AT THE
CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

Second Edition.



NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
82 CLIFF STREET.

1847.

negative correlation between

ANASTASIUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE paroxysm of fever which seized me at Chio, had, in the hurry of the strange and rapidly succeeding events which it gave rise to, been entirely forgotten. I was therefore surprised, when, on board the ship, I experienced a second attack more violent than the first; and was still more mortified when I found that, so far from being allowed to drop the acquaintance, I had thenceforth to consider the unwelcome intruder as my regular guest. His visits were repeated with most irksome punctuality every third day during the whole of the passage; and this passage seemed to have no end.

Oh! how long appeared those sleepless nights, in which I felt no change of motion in the ship but what was caused by its rolling from side to side, or pitching from end to end; in which every object suspended round my narrow berth—my clothes, my lamp, my person, and the very shadow they cast on the wainscot—never ceased rocking from right to left, and from left to right; obeying an impulse as resistless as it was monotonous, and which found its equally monotonous response in the periodical creaking of the hulk, straining of the mast, swaying of the yards, and flapping of the sails and tackle. How slowly approached those mornings which were neither announced by the crowing of the cock, nor hailed by the twittering of the swallow, and whose dead and universal silence was only broken by our own harsh discord, added to that of the howling winds, and roaring waves! How often I anxiously looked out at my narrow loophole, to see whether the stars had yet lost their trembling radiance, and whether the horizon yet reddened with the approaching dawn! My mind suffered with my body; and during those tedious hours, the depression of disease made me survey with deep contrition the errors of days past, and form sincere resolutions for my future life.

They lasted with unremitting continuance—until health and strength returned.

This happened at Cyprus. That island which gives agues to so many, cured my tertian completely; or perhaps transferred it to some other luckless wight, opportunely in the way to catch it as it left me. I was, however, only just convalescent, and had scarce left my bed, when, from the heights above Larneca, Hassan's armament was descried five or six leagues out at sea, in full sail for Egypt. That fleet, which I had so long expected, now cleft the wave almost under my eyes, without my being able to join it.

Fortunately I had another string to my bow.—But ere I proceed to tell by which way I returned to the land of the mamlukes, I must premise a few words concerning what happened there after my departure.

I have already mentioned, I think, that in Aly-bey's time, an alliance had been proposed between Petersburg and Cairo. This project the autocratrix of all the Russias failed not to resume as soon as she saw Ibrahim and Mourad in firm possession of the supreme authority. Her wish was to obtain from the beys the port of Alexandria; an object of the greatest importance to her future maritime operations against the Turks. In return, she offered to afford these turbulent leaders every assistance in their design of shaking off the yoke of the sultan; and the Russian consul-general at Alexandria, Thonus by name, was intrusted with the negotiation. He had the facility of corresponding with the rulers of Cairo through the medium of a Russian subject, become a renegade, a mamluke, and a bey, under the appellation of Khassim: but he had in opposition to him the consuls of the other European powers in Egypt, who, whether friendly to the Porte or not, were all alike hostile to the plan of giving up to the Russians so important a harbour as Alexandria. Thonus undertook to defeat their opposition by the simple expedient of removing their persons. A petty quarrel had arisen between Mourad and the consuls respecting some trifling repairs to the Latin hospice at Alexandria. This spark the crafty Livonian contrived to fan into so furious a blaze, that the consuls no longer thought themselves safe on land, and determined to take refuge at sea. Their intention was to embark in a body for Constantinople. Meantime, Ibrahim, alarmed at the consequences of the dispute, sent them an express, to efface by his

concessions the sins of his colleague ; and already were the consuls on board and in the act of weighing anchor, when the exulting Thonus had the mortification to see them return on shore, and resume their situations.

Ibrahim's conciliatory measures, however, came too late to prevent the interference of the Porte. On the first blush of the business, the consuls, apprehensive of violence on the part of the beys, had despatched an express to lay their violation of the imperial hatti-sherif before the sultan ; and Abd-ool-Hamed had determined to resent the insult offered by the rulers of Egypt to the strangers under his special protection in an exemplary manner. Had it suited the convenience of the Porte to remain at peace with its vassals, the representatives of all the potentates of Europe flogged round Mourad's hall would have obtained no other redress than an exhortation to a mutual forgiveness of injuries ; but the divan wished to humble the rebellious beys, and it would hear of no atonement on their part. Anxious as the consuls again became, when rid of their personal apprehensions, to prevent a rupture most injurious to their interests, they wrote to assure the ministers that they had been in too great a hurry to take fright, that they had entirely forgiven every injury committed, and that they wished for nothing but the restoration of peace and harmony.—They wrote in vain ! Hassan, capitan-pashia, who in his diversified expeditions had never yet had an opportunity of exploring the fertile plains of Egypt, expected them to afford so plentiful a harvest, if not of laurels, at least of piastres, that he could not suffer the affair to be patched up ; and under Abd-ool-Hamed, the wishes of this favourite were law. The divan, in answer to the pacific protestations of the consuls, only observed that they were much too lenient, and must have satisfaction in spite of themselves ; and thereupon proclaimed the beys outlaws ; and ordered an armament to be fitted out against them. A show of negotiation, however, was kept up, which had to a certain degree succeeded in lulling asleep the apprehensions of the mamlukes, when, on the 6th of July, 1786, the squadron which I had beheld with longing eyes from the coast of Cyprus, appeared before Alexandria.

The keys of that port had been kept for Hassan by his reala-bey,* Hammamdgee-Ogloo, who commanded the

* *Reala-bey*—the second in command in the Turkish navy, after the capitan-pasha.

grand signor's caravellas, stationed before Alexandria, Rosetta, and Damiat, to collect the duties on the outgoing vessels. Hassan's force consisted of six ships of the line, four frigates, and some gunboats, and forty or fifty kirlangitsches and other small craft, capable of going up the river to Cairo, commanded by a Turk of Stanchio, called Tchelebi-Zadè. These vessels carried six hundred chosen Arnoots from the interior of Epirus, as brave as well armed, and about five thousand raw recruits, from every corner of the Archipelago, possessed of neither arms, courage, nor discipline. To this small force the grand-admiral added at Alexandria about three thousand maugarbees, or barbaresques, very lightly equipped. Of cavalry, the species of troops most wanted against the mamlukes, Hassan's armament was entirely destitute; but the Asiatic pashas of Oorfa, of Haleb, of Trabloos, and others, had been ordered to bring with all expedition from their respective governments more horse than were wanted to Belbeis, there to await the grand-admiral's further orders.

No sooner was Hassan-pasha disembarked in Egypt, than hastening by land to Rosetta, where his boats joined him, he sent orders to the Asiatics to advance from Belbeis to the point of the Delta.

This measure, however, experienced some difficulty, inasmuch as the pasha of Oorfa was not arrived yet at the place of rendezvous, and all the others had, immediately after Hassan's departure from Constantinople, been countermanded entirely. The ministers were in daily expectation of a war in the north, and felt unwilling to waste all their resources in the south.

Hassan, thus disappointed, resolved to compensate for want of numbers by celerity of movements, and began to ascend the Nile on the last day of July. The land troops marched along the banks of the river, while the flotilla advanced abreast with their foremost ranks on the stream.

When the intelligence of the capitan-pasha's operations reached Cairo, the greatest unanimity took place among the beys as to their sense of danger, but the greatest diversity of opinions as to the mode of repelling it. Ibrahim was for submission, Mourad for resistance; and no medium being hit upon between these two extremes, the former retired into the Saïd to avoid the imputation of rebellion, while the latter marched into Lower Egypt to oppose force by force.

ANASTASIUS.

The 4th day of August witnessed the meeting of the two armies near Mentoobes. Mourad with his well-mounted mamlukes, all mail without, and all ardour within, felt secure of an easy victory over the grand-admiral's ill equipped foot-soldiers. He had neither taken into his account the artillery they were flanked by on the stream, nor the swamps through which he must march, to attack them on its banks. Received, on his first onset, with a tremendous discharge of cannon from the boats, his troops were immediately thrown into confusion. Even the safety of flight was denied them. Sinking with the weight of their accoutrements up to their horses' bellies into the rice grounds that formed the field of battle, they became motionless, and were slaughtered at pleasure by Hassan's naked infantry, which might have walked on the wind. The few mamlukes that escaped immediately fell back upon Cairo; but finding the gates of the citadel shut against them by the sultan's vizier, they only traversed the city, and joined Ibrahim in Upper Egypt.

Hassan entered without further opposition the defenceless capital, and received the homage of the country. He took up his abode in Ibrahim's palace at Kasr-el-aîni, and conferred on the long-exiled Ismail, come from the Saïd to meet him, his long-vacated office of schaich-el-belled. Djeddawee's more dubious loyalty was less splendidly rewarded; and Yeyen-vizier, the obsequious tool of every party in power, was dismissed from his place: it was reserved for the pasha of Oorfa, conductor of the Asiatic troops.

This personage, Abdi by name, had been pasha of Haleb. Turned out of that city by its janissaries, who relished not his body-guard of Koords and of Turkmen,* he had just been consoled for his loss by the government of Oorfa, when he received orders to march with all the force he could collect from Diarbekeer to Egypt. As nothing had been said about provisions, he resolved to trust for his supplies to the plunder of the districts through which he had to pass; and as he only had to traverse Syria from end to end in its greatest length, he just contrived to

* His body-guard of Koords and of Turkmen—mountaineers of Anadoly, who often carry their tents to a great distance from their native provinces, combine a predatory with a pastoral life, and form the body-guard of the Asiatic pashas, as the mountaineers of Albania form that of the governors of Turkey in Europe.

ANASTASIUS.

spend, for want of subsistence, the whole summer on his march. This afforded me at Cyprus the means of making up for the loss of my conveyance to Egypt on board the fleet on my right, by joining the army advancing on my left. A boat conveyed me from Larneca to Trabloos; and thenceforward I found the track of Abdi's troops too distinctly marked by their devastations to miss the way. I however could only overtake the pasha near Nabloos in Palestine, where I reached him in the best possible disposition for glory; that is to say, not valuing life a straw. Had I been inclined to fastidiousness, I might have found some fault with the appearance of my competitors for warlike fame. They pursued its career unencumbered by superfluities. The best equipped among the pasha's troops were his own body-guard of Koordish horse, who, under the denomination of dellis,* only exercised their old trade of banditti, and plundered every friend on their march to the enemy. To this body of about eight hundred men was added another of about six hundred spahees, in very indifferent condition. The infantry was composed of about five hundred maugarbees, who looked as if they could be led to victory by nothing but famine. In fact, this ravenous horde only resembled a swarm of locusts, who suddenly appear in a region as if driven by an evil wind, fall on whatever spot offers the most abundant harvest, devour all its crops, and, when they find nothing further to consume, rise again only to lay waste the fields next in succession. As long as there remained in a place a single article to take away or to devour, the pasha thought not of stirring. The complete denudation of all around him became the signal for departure: but the tents were again pitched in whatever nearest district admitted of the same proceeding. The march was lengthened only when such deserts intervened as offered neither provision nor plunder. Every where, before the approaching army, the inhabitants abandoned their villages, carrying with them all that was portable to the mountains; so that every new region we came to looked as if we had been there already, and left us no means of marking our route but by the destruction of the fixtures; and from the lengthy shape of Syria, and the direction of the march, no district escaped the devastating scourge.

* Dellis—properly madmen; species of troops who in the Turkish army act as the forlorn hope.

Besides the general claim which my former rank in Egypt gave me to the attention of a commander in the pay of the Porte, I carried particular letters to Abdi from the governor of Larneca. Accordingly, I was promised the reversion of whatever eligible appointment might become vacant, and meanwhile stepped into the place of a captain of dellis, most fortunately killed the very morning of my arrival by some peasants in ambush.

On calling over the muster-roll of my corps, I found not a single *bairak** possessed of half its complement of men.—Each was a grand skeleton composed of lesser skeletons; and never did troops at the opening of a campaign more resemble soldiers returning from the wars. This remark, however, I kept to myself. As a new comer, I took it for granted that my predecessor knew what he was about (except indeed when he got killed); and resolved not to begin by breaking through established customs. I quietly pocketed the surplus of the pay, and sold the supernumerary rations; and found I was approved of and liked by all my fellow-officers. We agreed that Hassan would not give us more fighting than was necessary; and it would be wrong to tempt him to imprudences by too martial an appearance. The only thing I took care of was to be well mounted myself. But the horses and accoutrements which I purchased having drained me of most of my remaining cash, I was obliged to draw for my other expenses on the present holder of my *kiacheflik*—whoever that might be.

At Gaza we made our scanty provisions for the great desert. Very ample ones were left in it for the vultures. Belbeis saw us arrive at last, not in May, indeed, but in September; and from that place of general rendezvous, where not a soul met us, we marched on to Cairo.

It was here that an edifying scene of mutual astonishment took place, in Hassan at the smallness of our force, and in us at the absolute nothingness of his. In fact, we had never had many more troops, while he had disbanded half the men he brought to pocket their pay.

Nothing could equal the change of scene which Cairo presented from what I had known it before. I had left it a mamluke city—I found it a Turkish camp. Every object indicated a change of masters and of regulations. Turkish detachments patrolled the streets, Turkish

* *Bairak*—company.

pickets occupied the places; and those porticoes of the grandees' palaces which formerly witnessed the mamlukes driving away with their naboods the famished Egyptians, now saw the Osmanlees treat the mamlukes with scarce more respect. My friend Aly-tchawoosh, whom I had the pleasure of finding with the capitan-pasha—but somewhat impaired in flesh, in spirits, and in brilliancy of appearance—took me to the house where I was billeted. “What,” said I, on seeing it, “am I to lodge with my old acquaintance Sidi-Emin, who had such a praiseworthy horror of usury? and when his friends wanted money, thought nothing of obliging them by buying their old slippers at a hundred piastres in ready cash, so they only, in return, bought his new ones at a thousand, payable in three months!—I shall be glad to shake hands with the worthy man.” “Ah!” cried Aly, “you will only shake hands with his ghost. But that you may make sure of: it stalks about all night as if it were mad.”

And good reason it had for being disturbed. The reader may remember the dreadful famine which I left hanging over Egypt. Emin, on this occasion, was one of the provident. During the years of plenty he had laid by for those of want. But, like the ant, he laboured for himself, and cared not to share his savings with the idle. Though his granaries groaned under their loads of corn, he saw unmoved the thousands of wretches who every day perished with hunger under their very walls. When the bodies of the sufferers choked up the entrances of his storehouses, he still refused to unbar their surly gates, until the corn had reached the exorbitant price fixed by his avarice. This it at last attained—and now, exulting at the thoughts of the millions he should make in a few hours, Emin took his keys, and opened his vaults. But O horror, O dismay! Instead of the mountains of golden wheat he had accumulated, he only beheld heaps of nauseous rottenness. An avenging worm had penetrated into the abodes fortified against famished man! A grub had fattened on the food withheld from the starving wretch! While the clamour of despair resounded without, a loathsome insect had in silence achieved within the work of justice. It had wrought Emin's punishment in darkness, while his crimes shone in the light of heaven! The miser's wealth was destroyed, the monster's hopes were all blasted! At the dire spectacle he uttered not a word. He only a few minutes contemplated the infected

mass with the fixed eye of despair; then fell—fell flat on his face upon the putrid heap. God had smitten him! On raising his prostrate body, life had fled. Like his corn, his frame was become a mass of corruption!

Mavroyeni's former place of drogueman of the fleet, I had the pleasure to find occupied by his nephew Stephan. This youth's character presented a singularity among Greeks in public situations, wondered at by all, and disapproved of by most—that of being a perfectly honest man. His enemies rejoiced at it, though his friends still kept hoping that he was not too old to mend. Meanwhile, the acquaintance begun between us in the Morea ripened at Cairo into a real mutual regard. I say mutual—for though Stephan did not always think well of my conduct, he valued my sincerity.

The strongest proof of attachment, however, which I received in Egypt, was from my quondam mamlukes, whom I had ceded to Ismail at Es-souan, and now found established with the reinstated schach-el-belled in the capital. At the time of my flight, they seemed perfectly satisfied with the transfer; and, indeed, had they now thought it incumbent upon them to leave the schach-el-belled, and return to their old patron, they must have been great losers by the change. But so excessive became, on seeing me again, their generous wrath at thinking I had given up their services, that they could not even bear to remember that they once had belonged to me.

As to the capitan-pasha himself, his memory was more retentive. He not only remembered having seen me in the Morea; he even remembered the proposal he made me after the affair of Tripolezza. When again presented to him, "You would have acted more wisely," said he, "to have embraced the true faith for the sake of a patron than for the love of a mistress; and perhaps you might have found the service of the sultan more profitable than that of the beys. You have lost much time and gained few friends. But you are young still, and, what is more, you are brave: if you would not let me lay the foundation of your fortune, I still may raise the fabric to a desirable height." And so saying, he recommended me to his kehaya; who grinned a ghastly smile of obedience and of spite.

The government of Egypt being completely organized by the installation of Abdi-pasha in the office of vizier,

and all the forces having arrived that could be looked for, Hassan at last began to busy himself about the long-talked-of expedition to Upper Egypt, in pursuit of the rebels. Resolved not to stir himself from his commodious quarters in the capital, he gave the supreme command to his kehaya. The troops destined for the expedition were to rendezvous at Atter-el-nebbi, a place on the Nile, a little above Cairo. As before, the land force was to follow the banks of the river, and to be supported by the flotilla. Tchelebee-Zadé commanded the boats, while Hammamdjee-Ogloo had under his orders the marines. Hassan's favour enabled me to exchange my ragged Koords for a fine body of Arnaoots; and in honour of my new soldiers I furbished up my old Epirote pedigree, and my presumptive descent from Achilles and from *Iskander*. The former, indeed, they knew little about, but the name of the latter all to a man remembered, and only maintained, in opposition to my doctrine, that he had fought the doge of Venice, which, in fact, he had. Including the militia of the country, supplied by the citadel of Cairo, our force might amount to six thousand men; and I could not help thinking Hassan rather overrated our chance of success, when at parting he recommended to us, in a flowery speech, to bring back the days when the schaich-el-belled held the stirrup to the aga of the janissaries, and when the pasha of the Porte hung up the beys at pleasure under the gate of the castle; a wish at which Ismail, now surnamed Kbir, or the Great, Aly-bey Defterdar, Mohammed-bey Mabdool, Rodoan-bey the Bold, and several other beys present, I thought, winced a little.

As usual, our army depended for its subsistence on the plunder of the provinces through which we had to pass. This circumstance alone would have retarded our coming up with Mourad; but what still more increased the difficulty of closing with this chief was his own good management. He had profited by his discomfiture in the Delta. Instead of advancing to give us battle, he on the contrary kept constantly retreating before us; now and then just letting his rear appear in sight, to keep up the ardour of the pursuit. All at once we discovered his drift, when at Sioot we found the waters too low to permit the further progress of our flotilla, and thus were obliged to proceed onwards deprived of the support of our floating battery. With a diminished strength, we only reached the rebels at Djirdgé, where they had all the advantage of the

P. 277 - AD -
missing

ground. Their position was admirable. Backed by the walls and garrison of the city, they had in front a long declivity of hard even ground, where their excellent horses and impenetrable coats-of-mail were as much in their favour as they had been against them in the swamps of the Delta. They rushed upon us like a cataract, and it soon became evident on which side the scale would turn. Our rout began among the Asiatics. The brave Arnacoots alone kept awhile the victory in suspense. Still anxious for the credit of my former corps, I set some Epirotes at the heels of the dellis, and kept them wedged in between two fires. This concern for other people's honour cost me dear. A pistol-shot struck my hip, which certainly came not from the enemy. It brought me not the less to the ground; and I must have died from loss of blood, or have been trampled under foot, had not one of my trusty Albanians thought me dead already. He judged it a pity that my handsome armour should become the spoil of rebels, and approached to strip me; when to his great dismay he found me still alive. For a second or two he seemed to consider whether he should not realize his surmise, but my good stars prevailed. Shrugging up his shoulders, as if to say it was not his fault, he took me in his arms, carried me off the field, bound up my wounds, and left me in the care of two of his comrades, themselves disabled from continuing to support a more active part in the engagement.

Meantime, our commander, seeing the rout become general, sounded the retreat. Fortunately, the enemy had determined to act only on the defensive, in order not to cut off all opening to a reconciliation. Mourad, content with the advantage gained, abstained from pursuing us. Thanks to his moderation, we experienced in our flight no other molestation than that of the Arabs and fellahs whose crops we had destroyed in our progress. At Sioot we rejoined our flotilla, and thence returned to Cairo in a plight which even the mamlukes reinstated by Hassan could view without breaking their hearts. The assistance of a rival is seldom forgiven.

After a certain period Mourad's Arab allies, tired of the protracted war, as usual, withdrew from the contest; and Mourad, deprived of half his strength, no longer appeared averse to a negotiation. Of this disposition Hassan availed himself to draw him down to Djizeh, when again he sent his kehaya in pursuit of the bey. Cured of my wound, I

joined the expedition, and on the 8th of January, 1787, we crossed the Nile. The flotilla on this occasion was out of the question; the river being at its lowest, and the commander of the Caleondjees dismissed; for Hassan suffered not his officers to rob without his participation.

At the news of our approach, Mourad again fell back; but we came up with him at Sioot, where he was forced to halt, to face about, and to receive us. His position was exactly the reverse of that at Djirgé. Instead of occupying the top of a long declivity, of which we filled the bottom, his army was drawn out at the bottom of an extended slope, of which we occupied the summit; and instead of having immediately in his rear a high wall to cover his movements, he only had a deep ditch to cut off his retreat. The consequence was, that when we fell upon him as he had done before upon us, with all the impetus of a down-hill charge, we almost immediately drove his troops backward into the fosse, where, tumbling head over heels in the mud, they left us no trouble but that of despatching them at leisure.

Of my old patron, who sided with the rebels, I hitherto have made no mention. The edge of the ravine, down whose slope the mamlukes were rolling, gave me the first glimpse of his venerable figure. He was curvetting midway the long declivity, surrounded by his retinue. The sight roused all my dormant feelings of relationship, and others not less warm; and I became most irresistibly anxious to join my father-in-law, to embrace, nay, to keep him entirely with me. Calling to my best men, I showed them the bey, and proposed a bold push for so valuable a prize. They fired at the thoughts, and off we set. I was within ten yards of his person, and already in imagination hugging him most tenderly, when some of his guards, perceiving our drift, gave the alarm. Immediately his whole house closed in upon him, and our purpose miscarried. I retired not, however, empty-handed. We had penetrated so far into the mamluke knot, that I was enabled to seize by the arm and to carry off what at the time was nearest Suleiman's heart, his tootoondjee.* This young fellow I consigned to some of my servants in the rear, and, having seen him safe in their custody, again returned to business.

The chase of a young mamluke, whose showy accou-

* Tootoondjee—officer who carries the tobacco-pouch of a great man.

trements caught my eye, had inadvertently drawn me out to some distance from my men, when another mamluke of more advanced age and greater powers, till then concealed behind a small eminence, suddenly darted forward between us. The contest now lay with the new comer, and his agility already rendered the issue more doubtful. But when a third mamluke of colossal size—a kiachef of my ancient patron's—found means by a dexterous circuit to join his comrade, my situation seemed desperate. It was plain that a scheme had been concerted to entrap me; and unable single-handed to contend with two such formidable antagonists whom others still were approaching, I gave myself up for lost, and only resolved to sell my life as dear as possible.

To my inexpressible surprise, just as I rushed forward, as I thought, to certain death, the new comer made signals for a truce, which his comrade immediately obeying, I did the same. I stopped short, still however remaining on my guard, and watching every motion of my enemies, in order to make my escape should an opportunity offer. The kiachef perceived my apprehensions. "Fear not," he cried; "your life is indeed in our hands: but we seek not your death; we want your prisoner. Restore Suleiman's tootoondjee, and in return take this handjar studded with diamonds, this order on the bey's harem at Cairo for two thousand sequins, and this signet of our patron's to corroborate his draft."

All this was vastly better than to be butchered. I accepted the offer. Some of my Arnaoots, who had perceived my danger, were coming up. I cried to them, as soon as within hearing, to bring back the prisoner. One went on the errand, and the others waited at my signal. The tootoondjee was delivered over, and the ransom placed in my hands. With this rich spoil, the thing I feared most was to return to my own men. Fortunately, they were full-handed themselves, and I rejoined our troops safe and sound just in time to see the remnant of the enemy's force which had escaped the ditch in full flight towards the Saïd.

Our troops were so exhausted, that we spent the night where we had won the day. The next morning, ere we marched, I walked over the field of battle. Beholding on all sides sturdy limbs locked in death, which but the day before had turned my blows with all the energies of life; lips closed in eternal silence, which had stunned me with

their clamour, and eyeballs fixed in sightless glare, which, when met by mine, had sent forth flashes of lightning; unable to avoid treading upon the mangled bodies of some who often had attempted to crush me with their very look, and now could not keep away the already busy vultures,—I felt a strange delight. I contemplated with a bitter satisfaction that unavoidable lot of all mankind, that doom of mortality which none can escape, that precariousness of life hanging alike over king and over beggar,—thanks to which, if I could not be sure of a single instant before me, no more was the proudest of my antagonists certain of not being the next moment a clod of clay, a mass of corruption, a feast for worms, a heap of dust; thanks to which, if any rival had over me a temporary advantage, it was, however great, a trifle, a nothing, in the contemplation of the common fate awaiting all with equal certainty, and to all coming too soon; and thanks to which, finally, if I could not reach the very top of fortune's wheel, or for the present carry my head quite as high as some of my more successful opponents I knew that theirs must ultimately lie as low as mine.

"Poor, speechless, unresisting object!" cried I, lifting up by the ears one whose taunting language of the day before still rung gratingly in mine, "thou art now not only below me, or the meanest of my slaves; thou art worse than the live dog that licked thy hand, or the very worm that crawls to thy corpse as to his meal; he harbours joy, thou feelest not even my abuse and my scorn!"

Though we did not absolutely stay in the agreeable spot which occasioned these reflections, we seemed loath for a time to move beyond its influence. Want of money to pay his troops prevented our commander from proceeding in good earnest in pursuit of the rebels, until the month of May. We then made a sudden move; but as we came in sight of Mourad's men, they crossed the river and retreated into Nubia. Arrived at the Cataracts, heat, want, and disease stopped our further progress. We admired the falls, turned about, and marched back to Cairo.

CHAPTER II.

By this time Hassan had, through penalties, confiscations, and other such processes, reaped all the real fruits he expected from his expedition. He knew the utter impossibility of exterminating a set of men who always kept open a retreat where they were secure of not being pursued; and he now made the approaching rupture between the Porte and Russia a pretence of conveying his armament back to Constantinople. On the 24th of July, 1787, therefore, he signed a treaty with the rebel beys, by which he left them in full possession of the country from Barbieh to the frontiers of Nubia. All below these limits was to be prohibited ground. For the observance of this treaty they consented to give as hostages four of their party; my old friend Ayoob-bey, Osman-bey Tamboordgi, and two other beys of recent creation, Abderahman and Hussein. They had leave, however, to remain at Cairo, under the eyes of the vizier.

The quartetto soon arrived, and I failed not to call upon Ayoob. He had strongly reprobated at the time Suleiman's conduct in giving me up, and assured me he wondered not to see a man of my mettle, after such treatment, return to Egypt in so different a character. I was glad in my turn to find an opportunity of doing a chief, who formerly had distinguished me in a most flattering manner, a very signal piece of service. Some expressions dropped by the capitan-pasha had made me surmise that some foul play was intended to the hostage beys. I need not say by what means I verified my suspicion; but I forthwith went and apprized Ayoob of his danger. His gratitude for this act led him to offer me a handsome present, which I declined.

Meanwhile Hassan had got every thing in readiness for his departure. He confirmed Abdi-pasha in his place of vizier, and Ismail-bey in his rank as schaich-el-belled. On his kehaya, whose name likewise was Ismail, he conferred the situation of his wekil, or agent at Cairo. After these and other appointments, he assembled in the citadel a solemn divan, gave in a set speech a pompous detail of the incalculable benefits he had bestowed on Egypt, and

terminated the sitting by inviting the four hostage beys, against the faith of treaties, to follow him to Constantinople. Osman, Abderahman, and Hussein, taken by surprise, were obliged to accept his proffered hospitality, Ayooob, more on his guard, had taken his precautions, and had given instructions to his mamlukes. The summons had scarce dropped from Hassan's lips, ere he rushed out, and, assisted by his suite, sought refuge in Ibrahim's harem. Hassan durst not, in defiance of his own solemn promise, drag him from so respected a sanctuary. He was left at Cairo in possession of all his honours.

Those which Hassan offered to my choice were, to remain in the citadel of Cairo, commander of the corps of Arnabots, or to go back to Constantinople, and obtain promotion in the expected war. Admiring neither the vizier, the schaich-el-belled, nor the wekil, and wishing much to try Valachia, and to rejoin Mavroyeni, I accepted the latter. The ransom of Suleiman's tootoondjee duly paid on presenting his order, the well-lined belt of a mamluke whom I had disrobed at Sioot, and the liquidation of certain old claims at Cairo, which I employed those ready accountants my Arnabots to settle, had gone a good way towards repairing my shattered finances. The last evening of my stay at Cairo added another figure to the balance of my capital. As I passed through a narrow lane, an ill-looking fellow suddenly stopped me, and drew out a dagger. I started back: but instead of the point he turned to me the hilt, left the handjar in my hands, and disappeared. The weapon was covered with emeralds, and of considerable value. I had seen it before, on grand occasions, sparkle in Ayooob's girdle. I never displayed it in mine.

Nothing remarkable occurred on the journey down the Nile. On the 21st of October we weighed anchor from Alexandria. Our voyage was prosperous—our reception at Constantinople indifferent. The mob of the capital, it seems, had promised itself the agreeable spectacle of the heads of the Egyptian beys stuck on the battlements of the Bab-humayoom, and cared little to see us only bring back our own. To ourselves, however, this was a source of some satisfaction; and the more, as we brought, besides, wherewithal to fortify our minds against idle clamour.

Even after Spiridion and I had parted for ever, my friend had not dismissed all solicitude in my behalf.

Fearing lest the obscurity which hung over Achmet's death might not always succeed in preventing its influence over my fate, should I return to Stamboul, he had, during my campaign in Egypt, negotiated with the family of the deceased a legal renunciation of its vindictive rights. At first, indeed, his proposal greatly shocked the mourning parents. "What! sell the life of a relation, of a son, for money!—No, never! Were the earth to swallow them up on the spot, they must, they would have blood for blood!—At any rate, they could only compound with the executioner's axe on the culprit's neck!" By degrees, however, they came round to more reasonable sentiments. The event was nearly forgotten, the loss small, the chance of discovering the offender still less, and the sum offered considerable. With many ifs and buts, they at last signed so formal an act of forgiveness, that I might, if I liked, have added to my other titles that of slayer of Kara Achmet. I needed not this new proof of kindness, to feel ill at ease until I had embraced my friend. Fearful, however, of taking him by surprise, perhaps at an unseasonable moment, I sent to inquire whether my visit would be acceptable. I acted wisely. Just then was pending the negotiation with the lady who soon after bestowed upon him her fair hand. Her parents only objected his former intimacy with a notorious profligate and a renegade. Had I shown myself at that juncture, and taken advantage of Spiridion's friendship to appear in his company, the match would have been broken off. It was even requisite, I understood, for the advancement of the business, that the coolness arisen between us should be openly expressed. I complained aloud and in bitter terms of Spiridion's leaving me at Chio; but privately I sent him, as a token of friendship, a fine Arabian, accompanied by a few lines of affection and of thanks. Unavowed proceedings always turn out ill, however well meant! whether the messenger thought the horse would betray the giver, or whether the horse ran away with the messenger, neither they nor the letter reached their destination; and long after, I heard that Spiridion had felt hurt at my seeming neglect.

Returning one day from witnessing with infinite satisfaction to what degree the Franks, who accuse the Greeks of meanness, can humble themselves even in the person of the representatives of their sovereigns, before the paltriest of the sultan's officers; and how at their

public audiences these pliant envoys of European powers will put up with any indignity from the lowest Turkish rabble, for the sake of maintaining a constant intercourse with a nation which returns their advances with contempt, I happened to meet a face no longer young, which put me in mind of an old vow, not the less sacred from the lowly station of its object. It was that made to the little grocer's wife, who in the days of my first distress had come to my relief with conserve of roses. In her own later career—poor soul—bitters had succeeded sweets. The new French style of cookery, and the white sauces introduced with the revolutionary principles among the Greeks of fashion, had exploded the spice and comfits, staple ingredients of the darker complexioned dishes, the delight of their forefathers. The grocer, consequently, was become a bankrupt, had died of grief in the midst of his unsold dainties, and had left his consort to struggle with misfortunes, which required a species of consolation more solid and less sentimental than that which I once administered to a mourning widow in Egypt. I should not have mentioned the visit which I paid for this purpose, and the real pleasure I derived from the relief I was able to afford, but that my friends, justly solicitous about my unsullied fame, might remark that I had at an early period of my history recorded a solemn engagement, and nowhere had mentioned its fulfilment.

Let us return to matters of more importance. Though from the first instant of his elevation, Youssoof-vizier had been preparing the rupture with Russia, the war broke out without any formal declaration. On the 18th of August, 1787, the Russian ambassador found himself unexpectedly complimented with a lodging at the sultan's expense in the Seven Towers,* and the Turkish troops stationed at Ockzakow made an attack upon the fortress of Kinburn, when the garrison thought itself in profound peace. The fullest success of these petty manœuvres could not have made amends for the imputation of bad faith which they fixed upon the Turks; their failure only added disgrace to discomfiture. They gave the Emperor of Austria a plausible excuse for joining the Russians, and for declaring war against the Porte on the 9th February, 1788. This event seemed to mark

* The Seven Towers—state prison of Constantinople, in which the Porte shuts up the ministers of hostile powers, under pretence of protecting them from the insults of the mob.

Valachia for the seat of the ensuing campaign. It increased my wish to take a share in its hazards; and I obtained from Hassan-pasha letters both for Youssoof and for Mavroyeni. Encamped at Daoood-pasha, the supreme vizier had already hoisted the sacred standard of the Prophet, and was collecting round it the grand army of the faithful, for the defence of the empire at large. I intended to visit the commander-in-chief on my way, but aware of my moderate dimensions, and expecting to make a greater figure on the smaller theatre of Valachia, I purposed to tarry only with Mavroyeni.

Neither personage, however, was to be favoured with my company the very first instant on which that happiness could possibly befall them: such unnecessary diligence would have bespoken too great anxiety in their behalf. With my letters in my pocket, I gave three days more to the dissipation of the capital; and satisfied with having, through dint of unexampled diligence, compassed as much pleasure as so short a period would allow, proceeded without further delay on the less perilous road to open warfare and destruction. My equipage was light. It consisted of what my horse could carry in addition to my person; for, unable to afford a long string of attendants, I thought my safety better ensured by a perfectly unobtrusive appearance, than by a small and insufficient retinue.

Though I had seen camps before, that of the vizier Azem, with all its want of order, struck me as very magnificent. The central object, the tent of the commander, looked a most imposing mass: but its tenant disappointed me. I had formerly known Youssoof as Hassan's kehaya. He was then quoted for the erect majesty of his mien, and for the jetty lustre of his ample beard. The personage to whom I was introduced at Daoood-pasha, on the contrary, had the gray hairs of age and the stoop of infirmity. "Heavens!" thought I, "can this be the same man whom I formerly admired? can seven years so pull down the sturdiest human frame? would they make of me so woful a ruin?" And it was a relief to my mind when I heard that Youssoof, in order to increase the gravity of his appearance, used similar arts for the purpose of looking old and infirm to those which others employ for that of appearing young and active.

With the other attributes of age, Youssoof seemed to

have acquired its garrulity. I thought there never would have been an end to his inquiries after Hassan-pasha. The grand admiral's health, his looks, his spirits, were each separately made the theme of long and repeated expressions of solicitude; and at each favourable reply Youssoof blessed Allah for the good news with such studied emphasis, that I judged the vizier's affection for his ancient patron and the capitan-pasha's regard for his overgrown favourite to have sunk nearly to the same temperature. Base coin is always showy.

As soon as Youssoof had added his contribution to my letters for Mavroyeni, I proceeded on my journey. The supreme vizier himself was soon to break up his first station, and to halt successively at divers other marked places, in order to give the Zaims and Timariotes of all the different provinces of Roumili an opportunity of reinforcing his army; and I was unwilling, by unnecessary delay, to encounter on the road more than I could help of the small detachments of true believers, expected soon to obey from all quarters the invitation of Mohammed's vicar to join his lieutenant's forces.

From Daood-pasha I met nothing in a questionable shape until I reached Erekli, where appearances became more terrific. On going out at the gate of that city after dusk, and turning the corner of the spacious burying-ground which extends close under its walls, my horse suddenly stopped, and, in defiance of all my efforts to urge him on, stood wildly looking towards the tombs, and trembling like a leaf. "So!" thought I, at these symptoms of terror, "the ghouls are abroad; the spirits of the dead hold their revels; the living are unwelcome here!" And in fact I soon perceived, by the light of the moon, a number of deep and threatening shadows in human form glide along the marble gravestones. The spectres seemed to move hand in hand round the funereal mounds, sometimes separating, then again forming clusters, then totally disappearing under ground. Presently sounds too arose from the hollow earth; a confused murmur pervaded the cemetery; and at last a whole swarm of ghastly figures sprung up close to my horse—no longer, indeed, unsubstantial phantoms, but seeming from their emaciated form and pallid hue the very corpses of the dead, which, with hideous yell, formed around me a frightful ring.

No sooner, however, had I had leisure to survey them

more minutely, than my apprehensions of the deceased vanished in my fears of the living; and I no longer thought myself in the company of spectres, but in that of banditti. Accordingly, clapping both stirrups to my horse, I was going to break through or to ride over this pedestrian circle, as might be most feasible, when I perceived that none of the party were armed, or at least had any weapon more formidable than a stick, or a pair of crutches; that there were as many women and children in the ranks as men; and that more than two-thirds of the troop were halt, blind, or paralytic.

There is, gentle reader, a district in the Morea whose inhabitants are to a man beggars by profession. Every year, as soon as they have sown their fields, these industrious members of society abandon their villages until harvest-time, and sally forth on a begging circuit through the different provinces of Roumili. The elders and chiefs of the community plan the route, divide the provinces, and allot to each detachment its ground. They shorten or prolong their sojourn in the different places they visit, according as the mine of charity is rich and has been more or less explored. Through wastes where little is to be gleaned, large troops travel in close order; but on approaching fruitful districts, the swarms again divide and spread. According to his peculiar talent, each individual undertakes the heartrending tale of mental woe, or the disgusting display of bodily suffering. "His wife and children died of hunger by the roadside after being burnt out of house and home;" or, "he has an incurable leprosy in every joint;" or "he is actually giving up the ghost for want of a morsel of food!" Old traders grown rich by their indigence sell out to young beginners, and the children of the society remain in common; so that each female may in turns be provided with a pair of fatherless twins, to be duly pinched to tears and made lustily to roar out whenever compassionate people are in sight. Unceasing warfare is kept up with interlopers from other quarters who trespass on the domain of this regularly organized band. Among its members a dislocated limb or a disgusting disease is esteemed a peculiar blessing; an hereditary complaint is a sort of an estate, and if conspicuous, and such as to resist the officious remedies of the charitable, confers rank, and may be called a badge of nobility. But even those who have the misfortune to labour under the most incurable state of

health and vigour, are dexterous, if not radically to correct this perverseness of nature, at least to remove its untoward external appearance. They excel in the manufacture of counterfeit wounds and mock disease; and the convulsions of a demoniac are graceful movements to their spontaneous fits.

The troop with which I had the luck to fall in had destined Erekli for the next day's scene of action. Its worthy members were taking among the tombs a comfortable night's rest previous to the morning's labours. Already had most of the party sunk into soft slumbers on the pillows of the fresh-laid graves, when the tramp of my horse, resounding among the hollow vaults and reverberated by the sculptured slabs, roused and made them start up and surround me as has been seen. Their clamour was only the eleemosynary ditty which from long habit they kept mumbling even in their sleep.

Moved with compassion at the sight of so much suffering, I determined at once to remove all these accumulated ills, and for this purpose began to lay lustily about me with my good long ox-hide whip. It would have gladdened a feeling heart to see what a salutary and immediate effect this application had. At the very first flourish the lame found the use of their legs, the blind recovered their sight, and the deaf and dumb a stentorian voice. A poor decrepit creature doubled with age and infirmity, straightening as if by magic, became all at once as nimble as a stag; and a man shaped like a dromedary slipped his hunch without missing it.

The fright of my friends, however, was not of long duration. By degrees they began to fancy that though I was armed and on horseback and they were unarmed and on foot, yet in the dark, and among heaps of grave-stones, thirty or forty had a chance against one. In this notion they again rallied, and soon sticks and stones whizzed about my ears as thick as hail. I now found I had to deal with a set of ungrateful rogues, who, so far from thanking me for the miraculous cure I had performed, only requited good with evil. I therefore left them to their fate, scampered off, and soon got out of sight, and a very little while after out of hearing of the volleys of abuse which accompanied the showers of stones.

The crossing of the Balkan, I suppose, would have been a delightful treat to one who preferred the remains of a former worn-out world to the good things of the

the accession to an estate, the hour of death, or our state in the life hereafter—must still take the same course. It is a doctrine destructive of all exertion, and inimical to all prudence. It paints wisdom attended with no advantage, and virtue productive of no reward."

I entirely agreed with my friend; and only added, that the doctrine he reprobated was the very doctrine which—in as far as it every where broke the connexion between cause and effect—must be the first to fall away, where predestination, instead of only being adopted by halves, and limited to a few of the most conspicuous events of our lives, was extended to all the minutest occurrences in the universe, without any exception whatsoever.

"As to the partial preordination," said I, "which you justly reject, I too reject it, and do so precisely from believing in preordination as a universal condition of things created, which admits of no deviation, however trifling; from conceiving the connexion between cause and effect, beginning with the origin of the sensible world, to suffer no interruption until its end; from feeling assured that there is always a preponderating tendency to whatever actually takes place; from conceiving that even where man appears to possess the greatest latitude of deliberation, motives anterior to, or independent of, his volition, can alone after all put an end to his suspense, and determine his will; from regarding what in human beings is most pre-eminently dignified with the name of free agency, as, after all, consisting in nothing more than the faculty of founding their choice upon the suggestions of that experience and the dictates of that reason, whose extent and soundness must still depend upon extraneous and incidental circumstances; and, in fine, from considering entire free agency (and without being entire, free agency cannot subsist at all) as an attribute wholly inapplicable to the creature man, incomprehensible by human intellect, and only appertaining to that Deity which is equally incomprehensible in all its attributes."

"And do you not," cried my friend, "bold as you seem in your opinions, shrink from the consequences of such a doctrine?"

"It is my very timidity," answered I, "which leads me to assert it. My mind possesses not the courage to reject that which, the further I look into the past, the more firmly I find it founded on every basis of experience and analogy, merely in view of some uncertain consequences

to which it may only seem to lead, from my still dim and imperfect insight into the future. However," added I, after some further reflection, "the worst consequence I can thus far perceive to arise from supposing all things alike preordained, is exemption from responsibility and punishment hereafter for such actions here below as have been necessarily performed—a thing which I for one cannot think much to be deprecated."

"A worse consequence attending your doctrine," replied my friend, "than mere retrospective punishments in eternity, when sin can no longer be continued, would be the want of motives for making sacrifices to virtue in this transitory life."

"There we differ completely," exclaimed I, "for since things are not only preordained, but preordained in such a manner that already in this world order, regularity, and virtue ultimately produce benefits which cannot arise from disorder, irregularity, and vice, it follows that the more universally this preordination is seen and acknowledged, the stronger will be the incitement to acting rightly. Where ignorance or passion still continue to overlook or disregard these nearer motives, the fear of the remoter punishments in another existence has seldom been found to produce any effectual check—and at any rate can stamp little merit on the forbearance."

"But," rejoined my friend, "what signifies it that man should, through insight into such a preordination, feel the superior advantages of good, and the ill effects of evil, in our present state; above all, why should he take the trouble of preaching them to others: why should he strive either to induce his neighbours to virtue, even by the promise of temporal rewards, or withhold them from vice by the threats of temporal punishments, if man is deprived of his free agency?—Thus, tied hands and feet, we have nothing to do but to lie still, and be swept down the stream of our uncontrollable destiny!"

"Quite the contrary!" said I; "for if by some fortunate accident, or some greater reach of understanding, a man happens, independent of any merit or design of his own, to have observed, or to have been taught, that good is more beneficial than evil; and thence to have, through an irresistible impulse, conceived a desire to diffuse that useful discovery or doctrine, for the purpose of extending its desirable fruits, he will feel more anxious so to do, he will with greater zeal bend all his efforts to that purpose,

if convinced that his own influence may in its turn irresistibly sway his neighbour's mind and will, than if persuaded that after all his toil that neighbour must still preserve his free agency as undiminished as before, still feel equally devoid as before of any superior inclination to virtue, and still retain all his pristine power of equally taking the wrong way as the right.

"In a future more perfect state of things," added I, "the connexion between good actions and beneficial results, more immediate in itself, must also be by more enlightened minds so much more promptly felt, as to leave an inclination to evil a thing no longer possible, to render virtue as well as happiness the universal lot, and to make the difference between those that have been more or less a prey to ignorance and temptation in this transitory life only to consist in that which in fact alone preserves stings sufficient for a sensitive mind—in their retrospections!"

Here the lazaretto bell interrupted the discussion; and we separated, neither of course in the least convinced by the arguments of the other, or, perhaps, by his own. How much my sentiments, at least have since changed!—but is this wonderful, when at the very instant that my reasonings, or, if you please, my sophistry, took the direction described, my feelings already inclined in a wholly opposite direction?

In fact, the thought which at the time occupied me most constantly was, whether, on entering Christendom, I should make a solemn and public abjuration of Islamism, or content myself with sliding back unperceived into the bosom of the church. The latter had been the mode of proceeding recommended by the friend intrusted with the letter from Trieste, and who had chiefly promoted my voyage to the West. "Why," used he to say, "make your return to the faith of your fathers, which in reality can only be an act of the mind, a spectacle for the multitude? It is a thing more likely to scandalize than to edify; to remind people that the church suffered an infidelity, than that it recovered a stray sheep;" and my reason gave assent to the remark, though my heart recoiled from the counsel. I felt as if it wanted the outward show of penitence and demonstration of sorrow, to atone for its errors, suffering to hush its remorse, and tears to wash out its stains. But I considered that a measure of which the publicity must so greatly affect my situation in

society, should not be embraced without the sanction of the relation whom I was going to join; nay, I even felt some objections to it on the score of a still nearer and dearer tie; for as every day increased my love for my boy, it also strengthened my reluctance to his witnessing my penance, and suspecting my guilt. What parent but must wish for the esteem of his child! I therefore thought it best at all events to defer gratifying the curious with an act of ostentatious humility, and cursing Mohammed and the Koran in ceremony, until my arrival at Trieste; and in the mean time, only to avail myself of the deep solitude and the high walls of my temporary prison, to resume in silence the solemn rites of my ancestors, and my old and often regretted Christian name of Anastasius.

Determined to shake off as much as possible all that marked the native of the East, and to adopt all that might assist me to assimilate with the children of the West, I proceeded from the inward to the outward man; but though my person was no longer as erst the dearest idol of my heart, I yet continued sufficiently impressed with the advantage of good looks to feel a very different sensation on quitting the Osmanlee attire from that which I had experienced on doffing the santon's rags. It seemed to me a sort of degradation to exchange the rich and graceful garb of the East, which either shows the limbs as nature moulded them, or makes amends for their concealment by ample and majestic drapery, for a dress which confines without covering, disfigures without protecting, gives the gravest man the air of a mountebank, and, from the uncouth shape of the shreds sowed together, only looks like the invention of penury for the use of beggars; and when I came to mutilating my very person, to cutting into its quick,—when, without being able to give my face a feminine softness, I was only going to deprive it of the signs of manhood—to sever from my lips my long-cherished mustachios,—I own it required all the philosophical reflections I could muster on the nothingness of a few hairs, to persuade me to lay the fearful steel to their roots.

But what was the difficulty of changing the outward trappings of the body to that of dismissing the habits rooted in the inmost recesses of the mind? what was that of adopting the dress which the tailor could model to that of assuming manners which must be the result of

the nicest observation and the longest practice? In the East, each different age, and sex, and nation, and rank, and profession, however closely intermixed with the others, still retains its peculiar garb and formulas, its stated place and boundaries, as distinctly marked as they are immutably fixed. In the East, centuries succeed centuries; new generations step on those which have gone before them, and empires themselves are founded and are destroyed, without the limits that circumscribe the different races of men and orders of society being confounded or transgressed. In the East, nothing in point of forms, of address, and of manners is indefinite or arbitrary, or mutable, or left to the impulse of the moment, or the taste of the individual. In the East, therefore, it is easy to learn by rote the unchangeable exigences of society; and every individual, whatever situation he may obtain—whether from a slave he becomes a master, from a civilian a soldier, or from a subject a sovereign—immediately knows how to fit himself to his new place, and how to act his new part, void of embarrassment and awkwardness; nay, of vulgarity.

Far different was my prospect in the West! There, on the contrary, whatever the eye could view, or the mind comprehend, from the most fundamental organization of states to the superficial gloss of social intercourse, seemed unfixed, discretionary, subject to constant revolution, and, like the coat of the chameleon, borrowing a different hue from every passing cloud. There each different sex, age, nation, rank, and profession, instead of the strongly marked outlines and forcibly contrasted colours of the East, on all sides only showed blending shades, evanescent forms, prominences rubbed away, and features confounded—tones, looks, and language distinguished only by gradations so imperceptible, by shades so delicate, that a long study alone could disclose the theory, and long habit alone teach the performance of their ultimate refinements. There the prejudices of the individual, constantly at variance with the laws of the land and the duties imposed by religion, uniformly clashing with the latitude required by custom, were each to be in turns distinguished, and yet blended—obeyed, and yet disregarded, without the act appearing an effort, or the effect producing a discordance; nay, there, the mind, always kept on the stretch, was not even allowed to unbend in repose after business was ended, but must still,

in the hours of leisure—not hours of relaxation—encounter the new toil of constantly supplying matter for discourse, suited at once to the peculiar character of the speaker and to those of the diversified listeners.

Yet was I—alone, untutored, and uncounselled—to embody with my original substance, ideas, and habits these intangible new forms, and these indefinable new shades, which many of the natives themselves but awkwardly wear; and that at an age, too, when the cast of my own character was fixed and stiffened into irremediable permanence by the cold hand of time: on pain of exciting the sneers of the cold, fastidious, unsympathizing spectators of the new stage which I was going, uncheered and unsupported, to tread. Arduous was the task—small the hope of success!

In fact, whether from the loss of health and the prostration of spirits I had laboured under, since the accident which marked the last pressure of my feet on the shores of the East, or whether from the more appalling form assumed by the new objects before me as I approached them nearer, I every day began to contemplate with increasing awe the idea of encountering a new world with which I had nothing in common. Every day that new world presented itself to my imagination more as a gloomy desert, to me without interest, without friend, and without happiness. The people of Europe seemed heartless, the virtues of the Franks frigid, the very crimes of the West dull and prosaic; and I was like a plant which, reared in all the warmth of a hothouse, is going all at once to be launched into all the inclemency of an atmosphere ripe with chilling blasts and nipping frosts.

Far, therefore, from waiting with impatience for the period that was to dismiss me from the narrow cell of my quarantine into the unlimited space of this new scene, I could not help looking forward to it with trepidation. As long as I remained within the pale of the establishment devoted to purification from my Eastern stains, I felt as if only standing on the extremest verge of my native realms; as if not yet entirely removed from all contact with the parental soil, and not yet entirely beyond the influence of the paternal atmosphere; as if still able to fall back at will upon the fostering bosom on which I had been reared, and to regain by a timely retreat all my native rights and privileges; but the threshold of the lazaretto once crossed—the barred doors of the quaran-

tine-ground once closed behind me—it seemed as if a barrier deep as the centre of the earth, high as the heavenly vault, was to rise between the scenes of my youth and the remainder of my dreary existence; as if nothing that had been could preserve the last connexion with what was still to be.

When, therefore, the hour of my liberation struck,—when I was bidden to walk forth, ready to take my flight, and, like the bird driven from its downy nest, to plunge into boundless space,—I shrunk back, and for a few moments still doubted whether I should not after all forego my rash design, and, instead of walking forth among strangers, rather stay and seek the first vessel in which I might return to the genial shores of the East.

But one great, one mighty thought superseded all others, and determined me to proceed. It was not for myself I went, it was for my child; it was to perfect his education, to secure his future welfare, to render him in all respects a man different from his father. This idea gave resolution to my mind. I saw my luggage removed, took my Alexis by the hand, and hastily walked out.

Yet when, arrived in the midst of the space that separates the precincts of the lazaretto from the remainder of the Maltese territory, I heard the fatal gates, only opened to let me out, again close with hollow clang, the awful sound went through my inmost marrow; my heart seemed to sink within me; and turning round for the last time to contemplate the porch whence I had reluctantly gone forth, I could not help once more bidding all I left farewell. “Glorious sun of the East!” cried I, with faltering tongue; “balmy breath of the Levant! warm affections of my beloved Greece! adieu for ever! The season of flowers is gone by; that of storms and whirlwinds howls before me. Among the frosts of the North I must seek my future fortunes; a cradle of ice must rock my future hopes. For the bleak wastes and black firs of Gothic climes I am going to exchange the myrtle groves of Grecian valleys; and perhaps on the farther borders of the chilly Neva it may be my fate to cherish the last remembrance of Ionia and of Chio!”

Thus saying, I took my cherub in my arms, pressed him against my panting bosom, inclined my face against his downy cheek, and went on.

CHAPTER XX.

ANXIOUS to gain the place of my destination, I hired a speronara to convey me to Sicily. As I passed under the galleys in Valetta harbour, and contemplated the batteries bristling on its shore, "See," said to me one of my boatmen, "those engines of war employed to diffuse a religion of peace, by men who take the vows of priests, and lead the lives of soldiers. One would suppose man short-lived and perishable enough by nature to have no need of so many contrivances of art still to abridge his brief existence, and that not piecemeal, but wholesale; but so it is, notwithstanding; and you who come from Turkey will find, that in Christendom the trade of inflicting death on one half of its population is precisely that by which the other half lives." I had, indeed, heard before that standing armies were become both the shield and the gangrene of all European states.

In coasting Sicily's jagged shores I had a view of Etna's furnace wrapped in eternal snow; landed at Messina, and there soon re-embarked straight for Naples.

The inhabitants of this capital, built upon a volcano, seemed to me completely gone out of their senses. From the lowest lazzaroni up to their fishing, fowling lazzaroni king, they were all rejoicing in a peace just concluded with revolutionary France, as madly as if war could thenceforth be no more. I carried letters from Malta to two personages of the *nobiltà*—a gentleman and a lady; and had the extreme satisfaction of finding myself precisely recommended to the two people in all Naples who hated each other most cordially. M. de Silva was a wit. On my first visit to him, he took particular pains to warn me against the least attempt at consistency in my words or my actions. "Like our bodies," he observed, "our minds, our opinions, and our feelings must necessarily change every day; and he who for the sake of that chimerical consistency is determined ever to adhere to what in some luckless moment he uttered, must sooner or later renounce all pretensions to truth." To Silva's honour be it spoken, the doctrine which he preached he likewise practised.

Me. de B——, being no wit, on the contrary, made that consistency which Silva regarded as the mark of a servile, plodding spirit her principal boast. It had not prevented her, it is true, from changing her lovers very frequently; but then it had made her take particular pains to retain them as friends. Finding her speak philosophically of her own conduct, and in the same strain in which she would have canvassed that of a neighbour, I one day begged of her to explain to me how, with so much freedom of manner, she had contrived to incur so little censure. "By leaving my reputation," answered she, "as all good Christians should do all their concerns, entirely to the care of Providence; showing others the indulgence I wanted for myself, and not imagining that to bespatter my neighbours could wipe away a spot from my own character." This was not wit, assuredly, nor any thing approaching it; but to my mind a thing of better wear.

Wishing to cultivate the society of both my friends with equal care, I took it into my head to patch up a peace between them. This was more difficult than that with France. When I told Madame de B—— of the encomiums which Signor Silva frequently passed upon her merit, "When was I sufficiently intimate with the fellow," cried she, in a passion, "to enable him to know for what to praise me?"

Excluded himself from the lady's parties, Silva undertook to estrange me from her circle; and for this purpose proposed to take me to a dinner of literary friends, "with whom," he added, "it was absolutely necessary I should be acquainted."

I always bowed to necessity; but of the acquaintance I found I had little chance with men who all fancied to have rehearsed their parts beforehand. Accordingly, I hardly opened my lips; but Silva, who fancied he had shone, returned home in raptures with his day. "Had you sufficient quickness," cried he, "barbarian as you are, to observe the incessant circulation of the most ethereal wit? How at first a few light sparks began to flash at random from different points of the electric circle, each in turns eliciting fresh scintillations from the opposite quarter, until at last the whole table fired up into one single uninterrupted blaze of the most brilliant eloquence, repartee, and bon-mot! What preparation, what vigilance, what readiness such conversation requires! What triumphs and what mortifications it causes! Depend upon

it, the repose of half the party has been disturbed for a fortnight by the good things the other half said this evening."

"Charming effects," cried I, "of a convivial meeting."

"And yet," resumed Silva, "you have not seen the genius of the party. He likes to make himself in request. To-morrow we go and rouse him in his own den."

A part of this den consisted of a handsome library, into which visitors were shown while the genius prepared for his impromptu effusions. The levee had already begun. Three or four personages occupied the farthest recess of the room. One was humming a bravura air as he walked backwards and forwards; another trying steps and attitudes; a third poring upon a huge folio of prints; and the fourth, the moment we walked in, turned from us so abruptly to contemplate a small picture hung up in a niche, that I never saw his face.

My own attention was wholly engaged by the books. Those I had seen at Pera seemed to me a schoolboy's bundle compared with this abyss of knowledge. Besides the shelves against the wall, absolutely bending under the weight of authors already marshalled in regular battle array against every denomination of ignorance—some heavy armed, others as light troops, others again as voltigeurs, belonging to no division in particular, but hovering in turns over the outskirts of each—the very floor was covered with piles of still unsorted science, lying strewed about in a confused mass. I was amazed at the sight. "How many square feet of reading," cried I, "are here collected in one single apartment! How many ideas, good, bad, indifferent, true, erroneous, and contradictory, are jumbled together, some lying, some standing, some on end, and some, I apprehend, head over heels! and will my poor Alexis have to cram all this lumber into his brain ere he can pass among Franks for a man of understanding?"

"If he did," replied Silva, "I am afraid he would scarcely have a spare corner left for his own ideas; but the thing is wholly out of the question. Formerly, no dust equalled that of books for blinding people's eyes; modern wits wipe it clean away; they write, indeed, but no one reads. Even philosophers have ceased to prize knowledge the more for being at second-hand. Men of talent now buy libraries only to say they never look at their contents."

A clatter of doors and a shuffle of slippers now announced the approach of the genius. He appeared with locks dishevelled and a wild stare, intended for a look of inspiration, ran up to us in an ecstasy, embraced Silva, then me, then asked who I was, then congratulated himself upon beholding a Greek, and me upon beholding him; then dragged us by main force into what he called his sanctum; then told us the quartetto we had left in his anteroom consisted of a poet, a scene-painter, a musical composer, and ballet-master, all waiting his directions for the new opera; then complained of the endless labours his taste entailed upon him; then showed us the list of the virtuosi and virtuose he patronised; then ran out as if bitten by the tarantula; then came in again making a thousand apologies; then informed us that Horace had no energy, and Virgil no pathos; then recited an ode, three sonnets, and half the first canto of an epic poem of his own composing; then stopped to receive our applause, and to contemplate his person in the looking-glass; then took a few lozenges to ease his chest; then asked me whether I did not infinitely prefer the misty sublime—that of Ossian—to that of Homer; then threw out a witticism or two which he laughed at most heartily, and we also, out of complaisance; then entreated to see me every day except six of the week on which he was engaged; then made an appointment with us at the masked ball at San Carlo; and then dismissed us to return to the sons of Apollo he had left in his library.

Forced to join the party to the masquerade, I found but little pleasure in this, to me, novel entertainment. At first, indeed, the sight dazzled, but it soon tired, and at last annoyed me. I could not get rid of a soothsayer who had singled me out as the object of his pursuit. Succeeding at last to take hold of my arm, and putting his mouth to my ear,—“You think this form a borrowed one,” he whispered; “undeceive yourself. People put on masks to exhibit their characters undisguised. I really see all that is hidden from others.”

“Then who is it you are speaking to?” was the first question I put to try him.

“A stranger,” was the answer.

“Doubtless! but from what country?”

“From one to which you have sworn in your wrath never to return.”

“My name?”

"An appellation very early forsaken."

"You have seen me unmasked."

"I could even tell you what your own newly adopted clothes conceal."

"What?"

"An ass's skin!"

Here I began to wax wroth; but soon recollected that Spiridion's tablets were composed of the substance so called.* To no mortal in Christendom, however, had I yet imparted that sacred memento still worn next my heart: "Who can you be?" I therefore now cried, with increasing surprise.

"That I came not here to tell: but to-morrow night at the same hour meet me here again; and when you see me retire, dare to follow me."

I promised, and came:—we withdrew together; and, after going the length of three or four streets, the wizard entered a mean-looking house, where I was ushered by him into a room dimly lighted, up four pair of stairs.

Here my entertainer unmasked, and to my surprise showed features of which I had not the smallest remembrance. Still it was something to see a real face of any sort in so suspicious a place.

"Now tell me—" said I.

"Questions," interrupted the stranger, "are here only answered by the dead:—evoke whom you please."

In faltering accents I named Euphrosyné; the wizard shook his head. Then Helena; he frowned. Anagnosti then! "What demon," he now cried, "makes you enumerate all those whom you have injured?"

"You cannot raise spirits," answered I, sneeringly.

"Name some being you have served, ere you judge," replied the wizard: "Cirico, for instance."

"Cirico is alive."

"He is dead: last night, at Alexandria, he fell into a coma, and never woke again."

"Then be it Cirico." And Cirico appeared.

The poet so evidently showed as much of flesh and blood as ever had entered into his spare composition, that I ran to embrace him; but I grasped only unsubstantial air! Startled at the circumstance, I stepped back: again the spectre advanced, and probably by this time I

* Spiridion's tablets were composed of the substance so called—*Peau d'âne* is the special name given in French to tablets of that description.

looked a little scared; for, on the phantom opening its mouth to begin a solemn speech, it fixed its eyes upon me, and burst out laughing.

"Where ghosts laugh," cried I, "there needs must be a joke;" and I again sprang forward. Again the figure vanished; but this time, no longer dismayed, I rushed on, overset every thing in my way, and groped about until I hauled forth from behind a table the real Cirico, whose image only I had thus far seen, reflected by some optical contrivance.

"And so I catch you again," I cried; "and at your old tricks too!"

"You do," was the poet's reply; "but no longer unwillingly: however—as this is but an uncomfortable place—we shall leave my Gaetano to settle matters here, and adjourn to a coffee-house, where I will tell you all."

Seated in the *bottega*, over our *rinfreschi*,—"When you quitted Egypt," began the improvisatore, "I had just killed the last princess of my tragedy, and secured the last sequin of my patron. It therefore became expedient to return to Italy—were it only to claim that diamond on your finger there, which you promised me for my services, but in your fainting fit on the beach at Alexandria forgot to bestow. A plausible pretence for leaving the consul was the least of my difficulties. I asserted that the operas which I had spouted were mine; he claimed them as his; we quarrelled, and we parted. I soon found a passage straight for this place, and in this place a patron in that transcendent genius under whose roof—"

"I yesterday," cried I, finishing the sentence, "met you, afraid of being recognised, and in company with a dancer, a fiddler, and a scene-shifter. But take your stone, and—"

"Receive a billetdoux in return,"—resumed Cirico, handing me a letter, of which the very form and superscription bespoke a female writer.

"What," exclaimed I, "Apollo turned Mercury!"—But my suspicions for once did the poet injustice: the letter was dated from Alexandria, and the signature that of the consulless, my defeated adversary.

"You know," she wrote, "how at Smyrna I found, in a miserable hovel, an infant unblest by a parent's care. Both nurse and child were pining for want; both revived under my roof: but soon the affections of the servant wandered from her charge to a young Taooshan, while

mine became wholly centred in the lovely boy. Seeing him hourly grow in all that is excellent, I became so wrapped up in the feelings and duties of a mother, as to forget that there still existed a father—when in an evil hour you appeared!

“Parental rights over the offspring of unwedded love are unacknowledged in law, and by you could not even be maintained in equity. Your child must have perished but for the care of strangers: and, after strangers alone had cultivated its young mind, as well as supplied all its wants—alone had rescued it from ignorance and from vice, as well as from misery and death—it belonged not to you to reap what you had not sowed. To have yielded up into your unhallowed hands the angel, whose keen sensibilities I had pledged myself by the very pains taken to cherish them never to expose to the risk of being wounded; to have tamely suffered that angel to pass—as it was likely to do under your guidance—not only from consequence to contempt, and from care to neglect, but from purity to corruption, and from happiness to misery, I must have been bereft of common humanity: and had you possessed the feelings of a father, you yourself must have wished the tried and tender guardian of your offspring to have ever remained, as she was become, its mother.

“You did not: you recovered your boy, and rendered me anew childless. Yet such is the love I still bear your Alexis, that for his sake I even humble myself before you, and stoop to prefer a prayer to him whom otherwise I must have cursed; and it is this:—that you will duly weigh in your mind the situation and prospects of which your rashness has robbed your child, by wresting him from my arms; and that you will thence deduce how heavy is become in his behalf your own responsibility, and how much it behooves you to do, in order to make him amends for all he has lost. Perform this with religious intentness; be as tender a father as you have been a thoughtless one; and you may still at her last hour obtain the blessings of the once happy

“*ATHENAIS.*”

This letter leaving me little in a mood to enjoy Cirico's humour, I went home immediately, and over the very pillow of my child, already hushed in sweet repose, vowed rigidly to perform its contents. Many years before I

had received a similar appeal to my parental feelings, in behalf of another offspring of my lawless passions, by another hapless mother, like Euphrosyné, deserted and dead. The two epistles seemed intended for companions. "If I live," thought I, "they shall be hung up in my chamber, be ever under my eyes;—and by deserving the blessings promised in the one, I may, perhaps, still avert the curses threatened in the other!"

Meanwhile, I determined to hasten to my destination: for, so far from the pharmacopœia of Italy re-establishing my Greek constitution, I had fresh and frequent returns of aggravated illness, and felt anxious at least to leave my boy an orphan only among such as were able to supply a father's care. On mentioning to Silva my intention of quitting Naples,—“Good!” said he; “I too want to change its air, in order to absent myself from a lady who has made love to me so long that she now persuades herself it was I who made love to her, and resents her own mistake as my infidelity. We will travel together.”

And so we did. For the first time in my life I journeyed in a square box on wheels: two servants having their backs, and the two gentlemen their faces turned towards the way we went; while my little Alexis, the most delighted and the most amusing of the party, sat between us like a gem surrounded by its inferior accompaniments.

As I approached the ancient mistress of the world, the eternal city, the destroyer of Greece, my heart beat high. But, alas! If he who names Rome names energy, names strength—he who beholds her in her present fallen state beholds nothing but feebleness and imbecility—he beholds the prostrate members of a giant, and corruption at work among their mouldering remains. Sheep graze round the altar where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove the great and the good, and silence reigns in that arena where eighty thousand spectators could at once count the pangs of wretches, tortured in frightful reality to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise, like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay;—they are only the fungus, starting forth from the creviced base of some nobler pile, and which, by feeding on that fabric's substance, achieves its destruction.

Silva seemed to enjoy my disappointment; satire was his profession. “These people,” said he, “cannot prevent the sun of their fine climate from shining at its stated

hours, but they make their streets impervious to its cheering light:—a deep gloom meets the eye wherever towers man's abode. They cannot prohibit the rich vegetation of their fertile soil from diffusing its fragrance, but they collect every villanous odour to subdue nature's sweets, and convert one sense at least into means of torture. They cannot cancel the spring's ancient privilege of enamelling alike with flowers the hill and the valley, the garden and desert, but they tarry in their fetid town till the magic has vanished, and autumn sears the leaf and imbrovns the parched meadow:—no one thinks of country rambles before the summer's close. They cannot stop the crystal rills while gushing down the mountain's slope, but they suffer their aqueducts to ooze out the captive stream, and to convert the healthy plain into a pestilential marsh. They cannot dive into the inmost recesses of the human brain, to nip in its very first germs every brightest faculty; but, conducting its developments as the Chinese do that of their peach and plum-trees, they encompass each tender shoot of the intellect with so many minute fetters—religious, political, and social—that dwarfs are produced where giants were intended. Their manuscripts are not suffered to be inspected; their pictures are left to rot: their very city has been allowed to slip from its seven hills into the sink between. They clip their trees into men and their men into singers. In their vaunted Last Judgment heaven appears far more dismal than hell. Their law deems infamous, not the thief, but the magistrate—the bargello. Their tribunals sell justice to the highest bidder; their churches protect from it the criminal; and the huge temple on which we now stand (for from St. Peter's proud dome went forth this bitter diatribe)—built at the expense of all Christendom on a foundation which stands awry, and with a cupola which yawns with rents,—contains absolutions for every sin as well as confessionals appropriated to every language. A priest, habituated only to the duties of humility and obedience during the greatest portion of his life, near its close becomes the sovereign, and assumes the supreme power when his failing faculties fit him to think only of death: and as each inferior member of the imbecile government, like its tottering chief, must forego a lawful lineage, so are of each statesman the views oblique, and the ways devious and crooked. The word virtue, indeed, exists in the language, but is applied to

skill in singing; and as to valour, the former signification of the same word, it is a quality which during so many ages has been let out for hire, first in the gross by the condottiere, and next more in detail by the professed bravo, that it is become discreditable; and cowardice, under the name of caution, forms not only the privilege of the priest, but the pride of the cavalier. Visit a friend in the daytime, and he surveys you through a grated hole in his entrance-door, ere he dares to let you in: venture out at night, and from a distance you are bidden to avert your eyes, lest one murder witnessed should necessitate a second. The very head of the church, when in the holy of the holies, dares not take the consecrated wine except through a gilded reed, lest his lips should suck in poison; and in the heart of his capital the pontiff of Rome keeps in his pay—for the safety of his person—the rude mountaineer of Swisserland, as your Turkish pasha does the barbarian from Epirus and from Coordestan. Thank God, however, this mass of imbecility and vice hies fast to its fate; for if by a late submission which the Romans call a treaty, the rotten grant of St. Peter's rich domain is yet saved a while from utter ruin, its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments effaced.* Nature herself conspires with man in the work of just destruction. In that sky so transparent lurks a permanent poison, which, formerly only creeping like the adder along the hollow valley, now soars like the eagle above the steepest hill, and invades the last abodes once safe from its intrusion. Thus shall soon the world's ancient mistress again return to naught; and as the herdsman erst wandered in solitude where Rome in later days arose, so shall the herdsman again wander in solitude where Rome has ceased to be."

Silva here ending his effusion, we again began to descend the thousand and one steps which we had to my great fatigue ascended. In the midst of our downward progress my companion abruptly stopped short, as if struck with a sudden thought. "So near the abode of your ancient gods," he cried, "they might feel offended if we did not pay them a farewell visit, previous to their forced departure for the banks of the Seine. This is their second grand removal since the days of Praxiteles.—Let us go the Vatican, and see them packing up."

* Its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments effaced—By the treaty of Tolentine, concluded between the pope and Buonaparte, the fairest provinces of the patrimony of St. Peter and the finest statues of the Vatican had been ceded to the French.

Already tired, and somewhat peevish with increasing weakness—"Am I not sick enough," cried I, "of real man, that I must run after his image in stone and brass?" but after some ineffectual resistance, at last suffered myself to be overruled. When, indeed, I beheld what was called the Apollo, the Mercury, the Jupiter, the Venus, and the other gods and goddesses of my forefathers, I cannot deny that I felt pleasure. "And can these fair forms," thought I to myself, "have been the production of demons and witchcraft? Can it be Satan that smiles on those lovely lips? If so, ah, what could withstand his wiles!" and with one deep sigh my heart absolved all paganism. I almost wished to have lived in those ages, and amid that worship whose wrecks still looked so attractive; and I repined at the gloom of a religion whose temples, adorned like charnel-houses, display even in the freshness of the finest marbles the features of death and the forms of corruption.

Scarcely had we reached our lodging, when Silva was called upon by a friend, who advised him to leave Rome immediately, lest he should be entombed alive in the mausoleum which Emperor Adrian only destined for his repose after death.

"What have I done," cried Silva, astonished, "to be thus treated to the honours of a state criminal?—Assassination, blasphemy, profanation, would have been overlooked in this indulgent place: but can I have said that the pope starved his subjects to enrich his nephew Braschi, or that the nephew sold the state to buy the Pontine marshes?—can I have maintained that Prince Borghese's gems were modern, or Princess Lanti's charms antique? In fine, can I have admired Pasquino's wit, or abused Pius's leg?"

"You once returned a bow from the arch-fiend Cagliostro," answered the friend, "and asserted, that freemasonry need not always harbour treason."

"If so," exclaimed Silva, "let us depart this instant! From real offences I might, at Rome, at least have escaped. With imaginary crimes there is no contending."

Accordingly we set off the same evening, in the very teeth of the still white and threatening Apennines—I, leaving a hundred plans unexecuted, and performances unfinished, connected with my Alexis. On contemplating from the last hill which allowed a view of Rome—as it painted on the bar of gold left by its setting sun—that

long range of purple domes so beautiful in its appearance, and yet destined to so speedy a decline, I felt amid my own accelerating steps towards dissolution some comfort in the thought that, like the lowliest individuals, the proudest empires of the present day were hastening towards a certain and a proximate end.

The ascent of the mountains seemed to last an eternity. At Narni we found every horse in the place engaged for Arezzo; at Terni the same; and the same at Spoleto. Nor was it otherwise at Foligno. I began to complain, but excited little sympathy. "When saints perform miracles," was the answer, "sinners should stay at home." A person inclined to cavil might have replied, that three drunken cobblers reeling in a wine-vault could see the madonna roll her eyes about any where as well as at Arezzo; but the prodigy was become a mine of wealth to its before-distressed church, and I held my tongue. "Truth," as Silva observed, "is a bad travelling companion."

After passing through several cities which looked like the deserted habitations of the Titans, in which had crept a race of pigmies, we arrived at Loretto; where, pulled one way by a guardian of the holy house, anxious that I should wipe away my old sins, and the other by a fair vender of crucifixes, desirous that I should commence a new score, I was only saved from leaving my cloak in the hands of the syren by a pilgrim who had stolen it before.

At Ancona Silva pressed me to go on with him to Venice. "The sun of St. Mark, indeed, is set," he cried; "its proud aristocrats were so long considering to whom they should sell themselves, that the bargain was struck at last without their participation; but, though Austria has finally swallowed up the fat and torpid oyster of the lagunas, the empty shell is still worth beholding.

"Silva," was my answer, "were I still the man I was, I might perhaps (whether right or wrong) wish to become something more than a mere spectator of European changes. At a moment when all the old monarchies of Europe are ploughing up to receive the seeds of a more promising system, I might myself like to assist in somewhere planting that tree without roots of which the fruits are yet worth gathering; but you need only look at me to see that the gods no longer permit my health the exertion, or my spirits the hazard." "Here," added

I, laying my hand on my Alexis's curly head, "is the sole remaining object of all my solicitude. Him I wish to place in a safe harbour. Do you then jolt on to Venice. As to me, I must be carried, as it shall please the winds and waves, to Trieste."

And ill it pleased these capricious, these democratic powers to smooth my journey in the small felucca in which I embarked, the day after I had celebrated the accomplishment of my boy's fifth year. Scarce had we seen six hours at sea, when there arose from the north-west a most tremendous storm. We closed our hatches, took in as much sail as possible, and prepared to meet the hurricane. Every instant it increased, and at last the sea ran so high that our deck was completely under water. The vessel soon sprung a leak, and the hold filled so fast that every man who could be spared from the deck ran to the pumps: I among the rest, as soon as I had lashed my poor boy to his crib; though small was my strength, and trifling my assistance.

Contrary to every suggestion of common sense, the reis resolved to run in between the nearest islets on the coast of Dalmatia. It was in vain to represent the danger of striking against some hidden reef, or stranding upon a lee shore; and we only wondered which of the two would be our fate, when providentially the storm abated as suddenly as it had arisen, and enabled us, with our ship full of water, and our rigging all in tatters, to put into a little creek on the island of Melada. Here we found a Ragusan vessel, driven in by the same storm, but with a miserably foul bill of health; insomuch that the crews unguardedly mixing, we learned to our great dismay that we must make up our minds, on our arrival at Trieste, to a fresh quarantine.

I now recollected that just at midnight, and when the storm raged more furiously, a tremendous flash of lightning, which seemed to set the heavens on fire, had for a moment brought before my dazzled eyes the frightful vision of the spectre-ship, doomed, as I was told, ever to sail with unstayed speed round the globe, announcing destruction to the crews to which it showed itself. It appeared as if advancing full sail upon our vessel, and on the point of cutting it in two, when its form again vanished; and I now doubted not that we must all fall victims to the plague: but on inquiry, none save myself had seen the phantom.

CHAPTER XXI.

As soon as the damage was repaired, we again hurried on board and put to sea. All now looked most propitious. Nothing could exceed the serenity of the weather; we scudded right before the wind—now become a steady breeze; and though my health had not greatly benefited by my late severe labour, yet the sea-air seemed a balm destined to heal the injuries of the seawater. My aches were less acute, and my spirits more buoyant than for some time past; and as I lay on the deck basking in the April sun, with the purple dolphins sporting round the ship, and my own little cherub playing by my side, more visions of delights unutterable danced in my imagination, than there sparkled liquid diamonds upon the azure wave. With that yet untasted repose which I should soon enjoy, my ailments, I thought, might still slowly subside: or, if I was doomed never more to recover my former vigour, what then? It was neither in the palæstra nor on the race-ground that I proposed to shine. I should only be the fitter for that tranquil life, henceforth the only object of my tempered wishes. My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and what was better—my own pockets ensured me a decent competence. The refinements of a European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence; and having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous, to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds.

In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centred all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked

pale; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose that very morning still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at midday hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement; but though playthings were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take any thing except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally doting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How, then, did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters. My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth, I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid; for while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us on rising in the same place where it had left us at setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled unchanging, deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance,

now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half-closed; and when, roused by my address, the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful inquiries of mine, he only showed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts indeed of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and, no longer taking note of the passing hour, he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bedtime and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother in behalf of his father. If—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonized to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears, which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished—but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour and day after day rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks—trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. "O for those days," I now thought, "when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly, or delayed some scheme of vice!"

At last, one afternoon when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all—for even they had felt my agony, and doted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter; and presently—as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse—we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic and the end of our journey.

Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes—at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half-hour, and every separate house became visible; and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray, until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jetty, there to wait his coming and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach; while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. O how I cursed his unfeeling delay! how I would have paved his way with gold, to have hastened his coming!—and yet a something whispered continually in my ear, that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that, at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments!—but, tranquil, composed, and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose, on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features; and, hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of

gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short, however, was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view, it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me; the future I knew I no longer should reckon. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half-opened his eye, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eyestrings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over. Alexis was no more—Euphrosyné avenged—and Anastasius the wretch he had long deserved to be!

I shed no tears; I moaned not; I made myself not a spectacle for the gaping multitude: but, ordered to the lazaretto, I threw my cloak over what had been my heart's best treasure, and, with the sacred burthen in my arms, silently proceeded to where I was shown my temporary prison. There, in the lonely cell allotted for my more favoured confinement, I found leisure to make myself acquainted with my grief, and to contemplate in its altered—its new condition, that countenance, that form, and those features, once all the company I coveted upon this globe, and now leaving me in solitude, though placed by my side.

At the outset of my voyage from the East, when, on recovering my scattered senses, the first object which met my eyes was my adored child, after infinite toil and misgivings at last safe in my possession, I had in all the ecstacy of unutterable joy fallen on my knees beside the sweet babe, wrapt in soft slumbers before me. Now, at the close of the same voyage, and arrived at the place of my long-looked-for

destination, but with my hopes entirely blasted, my happiness destroyed, and the being for whom all was undertaken and achieved no more, I knelt a second time in all the agony of grief beyond utterance beside that same beloved boy again lying before me, but—a breathless corpse! At first, indeed, I gazed as if insensible of the awful change. My mind was so confused, so bewildered, that, perhaps from excess of grief, I seemed not to feel at all, and could only upbraid myself for my strange insensibility. My imagination refused to conceive that lovely frame, so lately still the seat of the warmest affection and the tenderest piety, as nothing now but a clod of icy clay, unconscious of my anguish, insensible to my embrace. Steadfastly as I contemplated my wretchedness, it was so great that neither eye nor intellect could compass its extent—and for a while I thought I must be labouring under some dreadful dream, whose illusion would vanish, and whose end would be my waking.

But when, from the object immediately before me, I carried my eye to more distant points, to wider circles of time and space;—when I reflected that on my child alone I had built all my remaining prospects of earthly comfort and joy; that for my child alone I had left my country, home, and friends, and had come to encounter strange regions, climes, and people; that to my child's converse alone I looked for all the solace of what few days might still be vouchsafed me, as well as to his piety for the few flowers that at my death might deck my bier; that in his beloved arms I had hoped to breathe my last; nay, that a thousand times in the idle fancies of my entranced brain I had flattered myself with leaving him such a blessing to the world as by the virtues of the son to atone for the sins of the father, and to cause the sire himself to be blessed in his offspring; and when from these excursions of my distracted mind I reverted to what was left me of these fond and foolish visions—then it was that my grief at last forced its way through the weight of bodily stupor by which it seemed compressed, and that the flood-gates of my tears, long locked, at last burst open. Then did my increased agony find vent, and no longer wear the semblance of a stonelike apathy.

It was not my child whose change demanded pity. He had, indeed, by my ill-fated fondness, been torn from a scene of every bliss which could surround his tender years. From a nursery of comforts he had been taken

by force on a journey of privations and perils, and his series of youthful sufferings had ended in a painful illness and a premature death: but what of that? Heaven, it has long been acknowledged, marks its favourites by an early removal from this abode of sorrow. My child's short cares were over; and his irksome career closed at its very outset. He had quitted a world of bitterness and corruption, ere yet his susceptible heart had felt its cruel thorns, or his pure mind had been sullied by its foulness. Called away while in the gay spring of his existence, tears only soft as April showers had yet bedewed his rosy cheeks; he had been wafted on high, still robed in all the brightness of his native innocence, and, ere his guileless mind could yet have lost aught of its holiness, he had joined his brother angels in the realms of bliss eternal. There—while his father was still struggling on the stormy sea of life—he, already safe from ill, dwelt in endless glory in the bosom of his Maker.

But I—I alone remained oppressed by a weight of wo unutterable! Partly by chance, partly from my own fault, every relation, every friend, every common acquaintance with which I had commenced life—estranged by degrees through my own wayward conduct—had left me a being wholly insulated, precisely at that age when, weaned from a deceitful world, man begins to want comfort at home. Frightened at my increasing loneliness, I had in my turn looked out for a something on which to bestow those affections, doomed to run to waste just as they begin to rise. Long I sought—often fancied I held—and often again either rejected or lost the prize. At last Heaven seemed to smile upon a blameless feeling. After much anxiety and sore disappointment, I found the wished-for object—and found it in my own child, long severed from my arms.

Him I beheld where I could least have expected it; him, after much fear and doubt, I regained; and him I thenceforth destined to become my only solace—the support and the joy of my remaining life. That with regard to this last and dearest treasure of my soul I had, for once, acted up to my fair intentions, and fulfilled all my duties, my heart bore me witness. From the moment I obtained possession of my Alexis, he became the sole object of my unceasing solicitude, the sole theme of my constant contemplation. Casting off all other thoughts, spurning far away from me all other vain pursuits; no

longer caring for aught of which he was not the sole end and motive, nor engaging in aught which promoted not his benefit, I devoted to him all the strength of my body, and all the powers of my mind: I watched over his development by day and by night.

Heaven seemed for a while determined to reward with its utmost liberality so irreproachable a sentiment. Almost from the first hour of my possessing him, I reaped every day some fresh fruit of my care, and received earnestly every day of far richer fruits still ripening. My Alexis possessed exquisite faculties; and the slightest culture sufficed to elicit them. At first, indeed, he had looked upon me as an enemy; as one who had torn him forcibly from his friends: but at last—and when convinced by my tenderness of the excess of my affection—he had realized all my long trembling hopes; had fulfilled in every way all my most ardent wishes; had begun to return my undivided fondness with all the fervour of his own affectionate disposition. No child ever doted on a mother as he did on his father: and, if our love even becomes riveted to an object by the mere unrequited care and pains bestowed upon it, how unbounded became, with the return which I experienced, my adoration of my angel child, need or can I describe! He alone was the joy of my eyes, and the pride of my vainglorious heart; and as I walked forth with him in public—as I saw every stranger gazing on his lovely countenance, smiling at his playful prattle, and almost spellbound by the charm that seemed to hover around his person, parental exultation swelled that foolish heart within me, and made my eyes overflow with rapturous delight. I seemed only to move along for the purpose of enjoying a constant triumph.

Nay, that parental fondness which, bearing in all its parts on one single point, and in that single point finding the firmest support, must, under any circumstances, have acquired an unexampled intensity, had still its growth accelerated beyond the ordinary measure by the peculiarities of my anomalous condition.

That very same instant which had on Egypt's barren shore brought my labours for the possession of my child to a happy conclusion, had also witnessed the beginning of my incessantly continued journey towards the distant point which was to be my final goal, and where I hoped to sit down at last in peaceful enjoyment of the treasures

I had won. From the momentous period which had seen my Alexis first pressed to my still panting bosom, every later successive day—nay, almost every successive hour—had beheld me wafted to some new point under the heavens, to some new latitude on the earth, wholly distinct and different from the preceding ones. No region, no city, no abode had since my departure from Alexandria afforded me a permanent sojourn, or fixed me long enough to excite in my breast the smallest local attachment, the least fondness of which I had not brought the seeds in my own bosom. Or should even in any place some slight interest have arisen, not unlawful in itself, and which might in a more stationary condition have been allowed to take some hold of my heart, have covered with some fair exotic the spots left bare by the native attachments eradicated, and have in some degree divided my affections with my soul's chief treasure—bereft from the ever-changing scene through which I hurried of all leisure for its cultivation, I had sedulously crushed its first shoots as those of an intruding and troublesome stranger.

But the more my state of incessant locomotion had thus made all else pass by unregarded, or unable to leave any permanent impression, the more had it caused my own child—my only, never-failing companion—to entwine himself with double force round every fibre of the paternal heart; for at the same time that that constant impulse forward which both sire and son obeyed had suffered no other object to enter into the smallest competition with my boy for my genuine affections, it had occasioned an uninterrupted closeness in our daily intercourse, had demanded on my part a minuteness of parental offices with respect to my child's little person, had given me a habit of unremittingly hearing his sweet voice, nay, had, amid all this seeming sameness of sentiments and impressions, thrown a variety in the places, the modes, and the circumstances of our relative existence and endearments, infinitely exceeding what any stationary condition, even with my Alexis—and no one else but him—ever clinging to my side, could have afforded. The short, the happy period of my life marked by the recovery of my Euphrosyné's last bequest had offered the treasure, not merely—as does in most cases so transient a possession—in one place, one pursuit, one form; it had offered my Alexis, while constantly placed in view, yet constantly in different form, and action, and mode of

the quarantine had only been incurred by an untoward accident; and in a very few days I received a formal notice that its term had expired. Once more I went to the hallowed spot where lay buried all my hopes, and once more bedewed its turf with bitter tears; then, retiring with slow and lingering steps, I left the sad enclosure, and launched forth again into the haunts of men.

But I re-entered them without joy, as I did without anxiety. Things gone by no longer gave a value to things to come. The golden link by which the past had been connected with the future had been broken—been snapped asunder. The Anastasius of the morrow was no longer the Anastasius of the eve. The wide new world I was going to tread was a world devoid of interest; and the vast new prospects unfolding to my view were prospects without life, animation, or sunshine. Struck by Heaven's vengeful lightning, my soul saw nothing in the dark surrounding waste to cheer its deathlike sadness, and shrunk from every slightest exertion as from an Herculean labour. On every stone I met in my way I could have laid me down to die.

My only consolation consisted in the multiplicity of my sufferings, and in the sage speculations of the medical professors whom I consulted on my health, in order to get rid of the gratuitous prescriptions of the multitude; for though the members of the faculty seemed to think it likely that the effects of the storm at Melada, the anxious watching during my child's illness, and, more than all, the grief for his loss, might have very much aggravated the symptoms of the original complaint,—yet they agreed unanimously, that even without these additional circumstances, the internal injury received on the beach at Alexandria—whether in the lungs, or the liver, or the spleen, no matter—must still alike have ended in my not very distant demise; and what cruel regret, what dire forebodings must have disturbed my deathbed, had I been obliged to leave my Alexis in a strange land, a helpless, unprotected orphan, exposed, not only to all the violence of the rapacious, but all the wiles of the profligate; and perhaps, in the weakness of unsuspecting childhood, not only stripped of his property, but despoiled—for ever despoiled of his more precious innocence, I even now shuddered to think of. The dread of such consequences must have rendered the last hour of my life the most painful of my existence. Instead of that, my child's short account

on earth was closed for ever, ere the least alloy of evil could dim his spotless purity. His bliss eternal was sealed beyond repeal. Of his endless happiness no doubt could any longer subsist. Self—worthless self was all I henceforth had to think of; and the pangs of that self alone to lessen if I could.

And even of these too well-deserved sufferings the sting was greatly blunted by the consciousness that their period was limited. My loneliness upon earth could not be of long duration; my punishment here below must soon end; nay, the very torments that might in the severity of eternal justice await me hereafter would be soothed by knowing that my child shared not in them; but while his father paid the penalty of his manifold offences, enjoyed in other realms the reward of his piety: and I sometimes even presumed to think, that perhaps, after so dire an affliction—so severe a trial—as that which concluded my earthly career, some portion even of my own heavy debt might be remitted; when the last moment of my stay here below, which the parting from my still earth-bound child must have rendered the most irksome of my life, would, by reuniting me for ever to my angel above, become the most blessed of my existence.

Meantime, a stranger in the place to which my destiny had brought me, and not ranking among those privileged children of the globe licensed to indulge to the utmost of their wish in every luxury, even unto that of grief,—I felt I must bestir myself, under pain of being, like a bruised reed, crushed and flung on the dunghill. Accordingly, I resolved, if dead to pleasure, at least to rouse myself to business; and hushing in my heart those deep sorrows which no one around me could share in or alleviate, to look, to speak, and to act in public like other men.

My first exertion was to inquire after the kindly intimated kinsman whose invitation had brought me to Trieste, but whose existence I had for a time wholly forgotten. On waking from my trance, and remembering my relation, I rather wondered that he should not in my distress have been the first to seek me out. Alas! he too had since I last heard from him paid the debt of nature, and disabled me from paying that of gratitude. I say of gratitude; for though his will had been left in the main as it stood before my journey, it had been burthened with a handsome legacy in my favour, to soften my disappointment in case I should be found to have complied

with his summons. The bequest put me at once in possession of a considerable sum of ready money, when I would have wanted spirits to convert into cash my now loathed jewels.

Trieste, which I had before intended to make my permanent residence, was become since my misfortune the place least fitted for my abode. Not only the living multitudes of a commercial city had not leisure to sympathize with my situation, but the very inanimate objects it presented were of the sort most discordant with my present frame of mind. Those rocks which, left in their native ruggedness, would have harmonized with my gloomy feelings, here were only beheld shaped in bustling quays and busy wharfs; those forests which, abandoned to silence and solitude, might have favoured my melancholy musings, here were only to be viewed transformed into noisy hulks and naked masts. Gold was the only substance worshipped on this altar of Mammon, in its pure, primitive shape; but gold was precisely the only one which I would rather have seen by a later transformation converted into whatever could have given my mind a wholesome abstraction from its sorrows. I therefore thought, that if I returned at all among my fellow-creatures, it should only be where I found them collected in such myriads, as to recover, amid their overflowing crowd, all the privileges of solitude. Upon this principle, Vienna became destined in my mind for my ultimate abode.

While I staid at Trieste, however, people would insist upon diverting me. It was a difficult undertaking, with my mind full of sorrow, and an abscess forming in my side. Once only, finding myself somewhat easier than usual, I abruptly left my couch, and indulged my curiosity by going to a party.

I own, that when launched into its vortex, and beholding a number of figures towards whom I felt no attraction either of kindred, country, or even common interests, amusements, or language, whirl around me in idle hurry, nay, sometimes stop in the midst of their insane bustle to look at myself, to point me out to each other, and to see how my adventures sat upon me;—reflecting, moreover, how soon even this more spectacle must to me cease altogether,—I felt a sort of pleasure. But it was the pleasure of one who wanders in the delusion of a morning dream, through imaginary meads and gardens, among phantoms flitting about him in their twilight revels; and

who feels all the while that they only wait to glide off and disappear for that approaching dawn which must break his sleep, and cause his final waking among scenes and beings wholly different.

Loath to leave the place where slept my Alexis, and for ever to quit the last shore to which my child had been wafted—finding my only solace in listening day after day, on the quay facing the lazaretto, to the surf beating against its piers in slow and solemn pulses, I do not know how long I might still have remained at Trieste, taking no account of time, but, while ever intending to go, ever putting off my journey, had not the fear of travelling late in the season made me resolve, before the summer should wholly pass by, to secure my winter-quarters.

Not long, therefore, after the memorable treaty of Campo Formio, which filled Trieste with joy, by sacrificing Venice, a brilliant autumn eve saw brought to their conclusion the short preparations for my departure the next morning.

My bills paid, my passports signed, my post-horses ordered,—having nothing further to think of or settle in the place I was leaving, I went to take my last turn on my favourite quay.

The sun was just dropping behind the purple expanse of the Adriatic, and I indulging my favourite dream, that perhaps the glorious luminary, which not only through its constant emanations supports the inferior surrounding planets, but by its central situation is itself exempted from all the vicissitudes they suffer, might be the first halting-place of the blessed that depart from other orbs, and in its bright bosom might harbour my own Alexis, when I was diverted from this object of vague and distant contemplation by one less remote—namely, two persons, apparently just released from quarantine, who were advancing towards the city and, consequently, towards me. They wore the Greek dress, and, common as the sight was at Trieste, it yet engaged my attention as one which would become rare on my impending removal. Of the two strangers, the shortest particularly attracted my notice. As he approached, a crowd of confused images rushed upon my mind. I almost fancied I saw—, but the thing seemed improbable; and yet at every successive step which brought him nearer, the impression, so far from lessening,

acquired greater strength, until at last I grew quite convinced of its truth. The person I gazed upon must be—it was Spiridion! Spite of his darker complexion, and his more manly form, I no longer could doubt I beheld the friend of former days. As to himself, intent upon the surrounding scenery, he would have passed me by unheeded, but for my stopping directly in his way, in order to take one more silent survey of his person, ere I ventured to hail my long-estranged companion.

Thus pointedly approached, he looked at me in his turn, first indeed with an expression only of surprise, at being thus scrutinized, apparently by a Frank, but, by degrees, with a more fixed stare, as of one under a delusion which he strives in vain to shake off. He gazed alternately on my features, which proclaimed an old friend, and on my dress, which bespoke an entire stranger.

Human patience could hold out no longer: “Am I then so changed,” cried I, “that even my Spiridion cannot recognise his Anastasius?”

My voice was still the same. At its once familiar sounds the son of Mavrocordato seemed seized with a sudden thrilling, and again stepped back; but this time in wonder—in amazement.

“And is it then really,” cried he at last, “Anastasius I behold?”

Nothing but the diffidence, tardy offspring of misfortune, had prevented me, the moment I recognised my friend, from clasping him in my arms. Could I have suspected that, without the same cause on his part, he would have evinced a similar hesitation to press me to his bosom, no temptation would have induced me to make myself known. I would have let him pass by unstayed; and never—no! never would I again, with my consent, have thrown myself in his way. His cold reception chilled me to the heart, and paralyzed my tongue. Spiridion saw me appalled, and Spiridion enjoyed the sight! Without one single word to relieve my embarrassment, he waited in solemn silence my tardy and faltering speech. His looks seemed to say, “Each his turn; yours came first.” Yet even in this I acquit him of every cold and calculating motive. His conduct, I am certain, arose from resentment, not from meanness.

But whatever was the cause, “Spiridion,” cried I, as

soon as I felt able to speak, "your searching eye need not tell me what I already know too well. I no longer am he who looked defiance at all on earth, and at heaven itself. Sickness and sorrow have bent me to the ground;" and, overcome by my recollections, I burst into tears.

A blush of shame now tinged Spiridion's features; he stammered an excuse; and telling me where he meant to lodge, begged I would call upon him; but awkward in his very apologies, he only, in trying to withdraw the dagger thrust into my bosom, gave me fresh pangs. I inclined my head to thank him, but raised it with a glance of conscious independence, which I left him to digest, and darted away.

As soon as he was out of sight I turned back and went home. All my business at Trieste was concluded. I determined to set off immediately. My chaise was brought round, the horses put to it, and my trunks fastened on.

Among the stones reserved from Khedieh was a singularly beautiful ruby. Often pressed to sell the precious gem, I had always refused to part with my carbuncle. It had been set apart to please my own eye—perhaps, some day, to purchase a powerful patron. But to pleasure I was become indifferent, and I no longer needed an earthly patron. I slipped the sparkling stone, wrapped up in paper, between the folds of Spiridion's pocket-book, which till now had never been out of my bosom, and, putting the whole under cover, sent it to him with the following superscription:—

"To one who for his friend once gave up all, and whose devotion is best remembered when it no longer can avail, Anastasius, rich in worthless jewels, poor in all besides, sends this last token of ancient affection and of endless gratitude."

No sooner was the parcel out of my sight, than I too departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was my intention to have travelled all night ; but at the second stage want of horses stopped my progress. I therefore desired some refreshment, a fire, and a bed. The stove was lighted, a slice of cold meat set before me, between a bottle of wine and a flask of more potent spirits ; and in answer to the last of my requests, the female who acted as waiter pointed to a huge mountain of eiderdown in a corner of the room.

Having finished my supper, and hanging over the slowly-warming stove, I insensibly fell into a review of all the various and motley vicissitudes which had marked my portion of that changeful dream called human life :—First, I went back to its remotest periods, to those spent in the place of my nativity ; played over all the gambols of my infancy, and all the frolics of my boyhood ; viewed in its minutest details the paternal abode, remembered the most trivial incidents of the family circle, and heard the peculiar sound of voice of each of its members—their gossip, their scolding, and their loud peals of laughter—with a distinctness and proximity which left the memory of the more important events of later years comparatively vague, dark, indistinct reminiscences. With the rekindling of my youngest flame, and with the retracing of my earliest flight—that disgraceful flight which cut me off from all connexion with the land of my birth, and entirely divided the first stage of my life from all its later periods—I closed the first chapter of my history.

Scarce could my heart even now refrain from bounding, as I recalled the rapturous intoxication of my spirits, when, in the morning of my day—like the young pilgrim with locks flowing in the wind, and wallet carelessly flung across the shoulder—I set out upon the second stage of my journey through life : when, simply but smartly attired, the soft down just budding on my lips, and the infant hopes expanding in my mind, I went forth with erect crest and buoyant step, in quest of pleasure and of fame ; and finally, when in the Morea, reaping an

ample harvest of both, I achieved my first prowess, and heard my first praises. Hassan's lip had long been silenced by death; but the music of his applause still rung in my ears.

Launched next into the maddening vortex of the capital, I still smiled at the recollection of the Jew doctor, shuddered at that of the Bagnio, and, though quite alone, averted my eyes as from a spectre, on remembering Anagnosti, pale, bloody, and with my murderous dagger buried in his breast! To fly the ghastly image I crossed the main, roamed in the plains of Egypt, and, after seeing myself successively a kiachef rioting in luxury, and an outcast fleeing for his life, I in turns became an humble hadjee crawling on his knees at Mekkah, and a conceited coxcomb sporting his saucy wit at Stamboul.

Now rose predominant the figure of my friend Spiridion! I mean the Spiridion all heart, all affection, of former days—between whom and his namesake of yesterday the connecting link seemed wanting. Parted, by my own fault, from my only real friend, I again roved, successively a soldier of fortune at Cairo, a warrior in Wallachia, and a merchant on the Bosphorus.

But Ismir!—But Euphrosyné! The thought harrowed up my soul. To pluck the gnawing worm from my bosom, I plunged into the deepest desert, and joined the most daring of sectaries. At last, become a tender husband, I suffered for my sins in my amendment, and soon consigned to earth a fond and virtuous wife, when—spurned by one friend as I had spurned another—I fled to Arabs less godly but less faithless than the Wahabees, and, under their new banners, founded my worldly fortune in the plains of Khedieh. Growing a coward as I grew rich, I pursued, loaded with rubies and clothed in rags, my solitary course towards the setting sun, until casting off my slough in the concealment of the capital, I flew on the wings of parental love to the coast of Egypt;—and at Alexandria sought, saw, and won my child!

Oh! that I could here end my last chapter: that, to so many friends and relations, protectors and protected, one after the other swept away from the earth, I had not to add—but so it was!—and now, with all that I looked forward to of joy, of pride, and of stay, laid prostrate for ever, I had nothing left me but to sink irretrievably

rest, I could nowhere bring myself to stop. It was only in proportion as I felt my body whirled along with greater speed, that my mind seemed to find somewhat more repose. A mysterious impulse, as it were, goaded me on without ceasing.

The sun of the third day was already lengthening the partial shadows that precede its disappearance, when I entered an extended heath, to whose beautiful and varied weeds heaven's declining luminary at that instant lent the glowing transparency which announces its proximate setting. With singular force did the gaudy scene revive all the deep-felt impressions which one of a similar description had once made on my younger mind in the plains of Ak-hissar; or rather, it produced one of those moments in my life, when my sensations became so exactly the counterpart of what they once had been at some definite prior period, perhaps long gone by, as to suggest the idea of my having, in a new point of space, reverted to an already experienced point of time; and of my going over afresh some former portion of my existence, already elapsed.

And, in fact, may not things created perform circles in time as they do in space? May not the limited scope of our present perceptions be alone the cause that prevents our embracing the vast revolutions produced by duration, as we compass the smaller circuits performed within the equally inconceivable boundaries of extension? and may not one of the brightest prerogatives of that more perfect promised state, when time is said to cease, consist in that removal of its partial barriers, through means of which we shall be permitted equally to see the past in the future, and the future in the past?

Be that as it may, no scene could, in the splendour of its detail, exceed the one which my mind thus irresistibly retraced. Every where a carpet of anemones, hyacinths, and narcissuses covered the undulating ground. The oleander, the cistus, and the rhododendrons, blushing with crimson blossoms, marked the wide margins of the diminished torrents; glowing heaths, odoriferous genistas, thyme, lavender, and jasmine started from every fissure of the marble-streaked rock; while its surface was clothed in a moss of emerald green, through which trickled diamond drops of never-failing water. Alternate tufts of arbutus, and mimosa, and bay, intermixed with the wild rose and myrtle, canopied the beetling brow of

the crag ; but from the deep bosom of the dell between, shot up out of the richer soil, like stately pillars supporting a ceiling of fretwork, the ilex, the poplar, and the wide-spreading plane. Here and there a presumptuous creeper—wily sycophant, raised by his very pliancy—overwhelmed with parasitic blossoms the topmost boughs of the tree on which it fastened ; and from its supporter's mighty limbs again fell in gay festoons to the ground. The air was loaded with fragrance ; birds of every hue balanced their light forms on the bending twigs, and myriads of gilded insects emulated in brilliancy the flowers round whose honeyed cup they hovered.

Yet, while other artists prize their meanest productions, nature often seems to set so little value upon her choicest works, that this paradise lay in a secluded nook, far, not only from the more beaten track of the traveller, but even from the haunts of the thinly-scattered natives. No path ran through it in any direction ; its very outskirts were scarce ever pressed by the foot of man, and its inmost recesses had not, perhaps, for centuries been darkened by his shadow. Every where the most lovely plants sprung up, and again faded every year, without a single instant meeting the human eye ; but the concealment of these wonders produced not the least slackening in their progress ; the activity of nature was not checked or diminished by the ignorance of man ! Still did each later season see each varied form of vegetation, reckless of human blindness, expand at its due period, blow its full time in all its wonted splendour, and perform every successive function of its maturation and seeding, as it had done each former year.

Had I thence only inferred how little that self-assumed lord of the creation, man, goes for in the eyes of Providence, even on that very globe of which he calls himself the supreme master, and which he considers as created for his sole use and purposes, the induction would probably have been just, though thus far little consoling ; but I went further. Since it seemed incompatible with all-perfect wisdom that wonders capable of affording exquisite delight should be endlessly renewed only to be endlessly unenjoyed, endlessly wasted, I inferred that even our own humble globe might be visited, unknown to us its ostensible tenants, by higher beings than ourselves, hovering in purer forms over their primitive haunts, and mixing unperceived with their still mortal kindred. Who

could tell that the spirit of my own Alexis—wafted on the sun's untiring beams from its higher abode—might not at times flit among them; might not have sat on yon fair tulip which I so fondly gazed upon, and which bent its graceful head as I slowly passed by.

But time runs short! I may not dwell on such rambling reflections—I must hasten on to the goal.

Some little perverse incidents, indeed, seemed now and then to start up on very purpose to keep it longer in prospect. My carriage broke down at one place: in another I myself was stunned by a fall:—but these incidental rubs affected me no longer. The single deep affliction which encompassed my heart served as an impenetrable ægis against all lesser ills. It rendered me impervious to their superficial punctures. Never emerging from that twilight in which there are no partial shades, since there are no partial lights, my mind, no longer accessible to hope, no longer felt the pressure of disappointment.

A little before the dawn of the fourth day, however, there arose a somewhat singular circumstance, which affected me sufficiently to give a new direction to my movements. A pretty sharp ascent had made me alight among the Carinthian hills, to walk a few yards, and shake off the morning chill, by which I felt quite benumbed. The road lay across a dark forest of firs, whose outline already was marked by the pale light of the morning against the cold gray sky, but whose deep bosom still presented unbroken all the black and mysterious indistinctness of night. The trees in their funereal hues seemed sable mourners, gliding in long procession down the hills, to range themselves on my passage: the bleak winds breathed through their waving boughs deep and mournful sighs; and the torrent, dashed from rock to rock, roared with hollow murmur in the chasm below.

All at once I heard—or thought I heard—in the wood a dismal moan, as from one in pain. I stopped, held my breath, turned my ear the way whence proceeded the sound, and, from within a close thicket not thirty yards distant, fancied some one addressed me in the following words:—"Speed on, Anastasius; thou hast not far to go."

My blood curdled in my veins: a chill of terror, thus far unknown, crept all over my person; I felt an inward shudder—yet I determined to look bold. But though I dashed like one delirious among the rustling bushes, I found no trace of mortal man!

My first attempt was to laugh off the incident. No one joined in my uninfectious mirth; and soon the forced smile died away on my own lips.

Whether, however, the ominous words had actually vibrated on my ears, or had only rung in my heated brain, what did it signify? There needed not an express message from the shades below to inform me that my company was waited for: that, with a frame rent at every joint, I was at best but a vampire, only permitted to walk among the living until the last awful summons should fix it for ever among the vaster myriads already under ground. After a long period of very little change in my bodily state, I had felt my sufferings increase so rapidly, since the fatal dream at the first stage from Trieste, that I could almost, by the regular and distinct progress of my declension, compute the utmost term I might reach, and the hour at which my last sand must run out, and make me bid this world farewell.

And little, in truth, did I reckon the circumstance which had thus narrowly circumscribed my fate. Even in my fullest vigour both of body and of mind, I had often prayed that I might not grow old—had endeavoured only to crowd events so thickly within the span of my existence, that its varied recollections might make my career, however short, appear longer on retrospect than the longest life of a dull undistinguished uniformity. "Rather," had I often exclaimed, "let me even be felled to the ground, while an ample store of verdant boughs, waving in the breeze, may yet grace my sudden fall, than be permitted to wither on my stalk, unable to offer any attraction, or to resent any injury, and indebted as for an obligation to those who merely suffer my presence. Let me not outlive all those from whom I might have obtained a passing tear, only to excite derision in those destined to outlive me!"

And now that health and spirits were already drained to the last drop; now that, cankered by an inward worm, each bough, already withered, hung drooping to the ground, and not even a shoot remained to cheer by its later spring my own untimely autumn;—now that both what I loved best and what I hated most had already attained the final goal before me—could I still wish to live—to live alone in the universe, without a spark of affection or even of animosity left, to light with its fire my last lingering steps: could I brook to stand, like the scathed oak in the wilderness, a conspicuous monument of Heaven's fiercest wrath?—God forbid!

Then what was the use of torturing my worn-out frame, only to seek far away what I might find so near? I could die any where.

Immediately I formed my resolution. Two stages back I remembered being struck by the appearance of a fir-clothed cottage, close to a country-town, whose few inhabitants—kept up somewhat later than usual by some holiday festivity—had attracted my notice by their cheerful clusters. "Might not," thought I, "that gold, now become so indifferent to its weary possessor, obtain me the loan of this coveted habitation, for the short time my body wanted one above ground?"

This I determined to try: but found obstacles to my scheme even sooner than I had expected. My driver was of the true German breed—an automaton, who, throughout the whole length of his stage, could only move according to the impulse received on setting out. The advantage of receiving full payment for a task only half performed was what his brain refused to conceive: only, he never had heard of people stopping half-way on their journey, to turn back to whence they came; and he never should—God helping—lend his assistance to such an innovation. The cane was shaken in vain at this imperturbable idiot—even the pistol's threatening muzzle made to exert its dumb oratory close to his ear without the smallest effect. The immoveable *schwager* would rather be shot dead on the spot than submit to become instrumental in the nefarious deed of turning his horses' heads: so that my servant had to pull him at last off his brother brute, and to usurp his lawful place, ere I could effect my retrograde movement:—nor did I consider this as one of the least achievements of my life.

Equally arduous did I, on my return to L——, find the main business which brought me back. The owners of the cottage—dull, plodding people like the postboy—wanted time to consider of my singular proposal. They could not resolve on such a measure in a hurry: and the first determination they were able—after much hesitation—to come to, only consisted in a promise of the habitation at a period so remote, that I must have taken possession of a more lasting mansion long ere it arrived. Even when afterward the wary couple agreed—on the strength of my ill looks and hollow cough—to let me have the hovel immediately for the whole term of my life, they still evinced some desire of inserting, as a clause in the lease, *when* I was to die. At last, however, through

dint of constantly enhancing my offers, all difficulties were overcome. I took possession of my cot; and my tenacious landlord went away, half-grumbling at his good bargain, half-grinning at my strange whim, and wondering at the stranger price I paid for its indulgence.

The last stage of my terrestrial journey thus achieved, the last place of halting on this side the house to be changed no more thus occupied, I immediately made the few arrangements necessary for the comfort of my transient abode, and sent for a physician from the neighbouring town, to render my bargain as little losing as possible. On examining my symptoms, the sage shook his head, and judiciously observed that I might linger a good while yet, or might die very soon: but would do well, at all events, to take his medicine. This I received, but took care not to waste on my incurable ailments: notwithstanding which cautious conduct, my weakness soon increased to such a degree, that a walk round my garden became an exertion.

Near me lived a young couple, whom my other neighbours made the constant theme of their praise—and most disinterested it seemed; for the husband had only gained, by serving his country as a soldier, some severe and painful wounds, while the wife had lost, by preferring the wounded soldier to a hale peasant with a heavy purse, the countenance of all her kindred. In return, she had secured the smiles of a large family of her own; and her only embarrassment was how to give her children bread. Of love alone there remained a most plentiful store: but even of this ingredient it was difficult to say whether, by rendering each consort an object of constant anxiety to the other, it alleviated their sufferings or increased their solicitude.

To get sight of these worthy people was not so easy as it might seem. They were proud: they liked not a stranger to witness their honourable indigence, and they dreaded the importunate offer of his superfluity. Even when at last—through dint of unabating perseverance—I obtained leave to visit them, they showed the greatest ingenuity in eluding the drift of my visits. With respect to the state of their finances they were downright hypocrites. One would have supposed they wanted for nothing. Fate, however, ordained me to collect from their own mouths—without any thanks to their candour—the most practicable mode of relieving their necessities.

Once, on a Sunday evening, as the husband, at rest from the week's labour, and with only the weight of his own little wife hanging on his arm, had sat listening across the fence which divided our properties to the narrative of some of my adventures, and had heard with equal awe and concern how the soundest parts of my life had been full of death-spots; how pride, passion, love, and hatred—every feeling, every lure, and every stimulus—had in turns swayed my existence with such ill-poised force, that each during its reign wholly silenced all the rest, until, exhausted by indulgence, each again left its rivals to take a dire revenge; how by my own ingenuity I had contrived ever to render useless all the gifts profusely showered upon me; and how, finally, my whole life had been a struggle with a bounteous Providence, which should do and which undo the most:—the little woman at the conclusion of the story fetched a deep sigh, and the husband hereupon giving her a sharpish look, she with a blush observed, what a pity it was a tale so eventful and so strange should remain unrecorded—Conrad was so good a penman!

At first I spurned the idea. I had, indeed, learned a little of the world, and at my cost; but of composition I knew nothing; and though in my days of buoyancy and conceit I might frequently have planned to gratify the world with my motley memoirs, in my days of humiliation and weakness I recoiled from the arduous task. That very weakness, however, at last persuaded me. I was no longer able to take any exercise, and I wanted some occupation sufficiently interesting to prevent a still restless mind from preying upon a feeble and failing body. Besides, I own that I felt a faint wish not to let oblivion wholly blot out of man's remembrance the name of Anastasius. Nor could the scheme encounter great difficulty on the score of the difference of idiom between me and my destined secretary: for Conrad, educated as a gentleman, had moreover acquired in his campaigns a sufficient knowledge of the French language—our thus far ordinary medium of communication—to write in it correctly what I should dictate.

If, therefore, I still only caught at the proposal slowly; if I still awhile made a show of outward reluctance survive my inward assent, it was only to obtain on my own terms the assistance proffered—and to extort a right to estimate, at least in a limited degree, my obligations to

my scribe, as merchants do the services rendered by their correspondents;—a proceeding, however, so haughtily rejected at first, that I must have despaired of success, but for the soft whisperings of pity in the bosom of my new friends. They saw my frame waste away so fast, that at last they blushed to let an unseasonable—I may say an unsympathizing—delicacy, any longer deprive my few remaining days of their only solace; and permitted me to name them in my will. This I eagerly did, and then committed to their care my person and my fame. No sooner was the bargain thus struck than we sat down. I dictated—more or less at a time, according to my strength and spirits—Conrad wrote: and this is the fruit.

Upon the whole, the task has afforded me a salutary relief from the tedium of my constrained situation. Only when I have happened, while ruminating upon my own affairs, to cast my eyes upon my honoured scribe—who sits there smiling to be thus himself unexpectedly brought forward, while waiting with uplifted pen the sequel of my meditations—and chanced to catch the stolen glances of affection exchanged between him and his amiable help-mate, working by his side—some drops of bitterness would mix even with this last pleasure. “Such,” thought I, “might have been my own fate with my Euphrosyné; and such also—” but already Conrad’s incipient frown checks my digressing any further.

Once or twice, indeed, increasing weakness has been near putting a stop to my work in the midst of its progress. Each time, however, the performance was, after a short interruption, again duly resumed—and Heaven has at last permitted its completion.

At thirty-five I here complete its last page and sentence. At thirty-five I take leave of all further earthly concerns: at thirty-five I close—never more to reopen it—the crowded volume of my toilsome life. In a few weeks, days—perhaps hours—will for ever drop over my person, my actions, and my errors the dark curtain of death—when nothing will remain of the once vain and haughty Anastasius, but an empty name and a heap of noisome ashes.

O ye who tread their scattered remnants!—ere you execrate that name, the theme of so much obloquy, remember my sufferings: be merciful to my memory—and may Heaven’s mercy rest upon yourselves!

Here ends the author's own narrative: what follows has been added from the account of the gentleman he names Conrad.

Anastasius, having completed the last pages of his memoirs with great effort only, fell almost immediately after into an irremediable languor. Every day that dawned now threatened—or rather promised—to be his last: for his existence was become so full of misery, that his end seemed desirable. Yet could not his sufferings—intense as they were—for a moment subdue his fortitude. Never was he heard to utter a syllable of impatience or complaint. Whenever his debility permitted him to converse, the theme was his adored child. “Were my heart opened,” said he one day, “you would find his name inscribed in its core. In the winning of my Alexis I lost health and strength, but it was the losing of him which gave me the death-blow. Now that nothing more remains for me to do but to prepare for my exit, I could have wished—had I been a great man, enabled to indulge all his fancies—to be carried to the spot where he lies, there to breathe my last by his beloved side: but such luxuries an outcast, a homeless wanderer must not think of. Enough for me, when my hour is at hand, to have in his gentle spirit an angel on high, to intercede with his Father in heaven, for his mortal one departing this earth.”

The third morning after this speech, Conrad, coming in at an early hour, found not his patient, as usual, on his pillow. Anastasius had made shift to creep out of bed, and was kneeling before a chair on which rested his face. At first he seemed in a swoon:—but, discerning the approach of his friend, he held out his trembling hand to him, and, trying to raise his head, faintly cried out, “Heaven takes pity at last. Thanks, O thanks for all your goodness!” and immediately relapsed. After a second interval of apparent absence, a second fit of momentary consciousness followed, when Conrad, stooping, heard the poor sufferer utter, but in a voice almost extinct, “O my Alexis, I come!” and immediately saw his head fall forward again. Conrad now tried to lift him into bed, in order that he might be more at ease. There was no occasion: Anastasius was no more.

His body laid out—by those who owed to him their restoration to comfort and affluence—in a sort of state, was by them committed to its last mansion with some-

what more solemnity than he had desired. They inherited half his property; the other half had been bequeathed to the poor of the place; and, though stanch Roman Catholics, its inhabitants—it is said—still bless the memory of the young Greek.

Note.—The editor acknowledges that the effect produced by the loss of his child on a man like Anastasius seemed to him—even allowing for the peculiarity of the adventurer's situation—somewhat improbable, until in *Mariner's* account of Firow, king of the Tonga Islands, he found what power the feelings of nature will sometimes, among semi-barbarous nations, retain even over minds in other respects ferocious and pitiless.

THE END.





1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain. It is shown that the brain is a complex system of interconnected parts, each of which has its own specific function. The author emphasizes the importance of understanding the structure of the brain in order to understand the functions of the human mind.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the functions of the human brain. It is shown that the brain is responsible for a wide range of functions, including perception, memory, and thought. The author emphasizes the importance of understanding the functions of the brain in order to understand the human mind.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the development of the human brain. It is shown that the brain develops from a simple structure in the early stages of life and becomes increasingly complex as the individual grows older. The author emphasizes the importance of understanding the development of the brain in order to understand the human mind.

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the diseases of the human brain. It is shown that there are a wide variety of diseases that can affect the brain, and that these diseases can have a significant impact on the functions of the human mind. The author emphasizes the importance of understanding the diseases of the brain in order to understand the human mind.

5. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the treatment of the diseases of the human brain. It is shown that there are a wide variety of treatments that can be used to treat these diseases, and that the choice of treatment depends on the specific disease and the individual patient. The author emphasizes the importance of understanding the treatment of the diseases of the brain in order to understand the human mind.

6. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the future of the study of the human brain. It is shown that there are a wide variety of new techniques and methods that are being developed, and that these techniques and methods will lead to a better understanding of the human brain. The author emphasizes the importance of understanding the future of the study of the human brain in order to understand the human mind.

7. The seventh part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the conclusion of the study of the human brain. It is shown that the study of the human brain is a complex and challenging task, but that it is also a very rewarding task. The author emphasizes the importance of understanding the conclusion of the study of the human brain in order to understand the human mind.

FEB 16 1912

1912

1912

